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THE SOCIAL BURDEN.

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"We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." — ROMANS XV. 1.

It is the vice of Protestantism that it makes Christianity too subjective, too much a concern of the private soul, instead of a public and corporate interest. The Church of Rome, with all her corruptions, may claim the merit of having held fast the Christian principle of œcumenical consolidation. Protestantism has erred on the side of privacy and separation. In seeking intellectual emancipation, it has slighted the social aim so conspicuous in all the teachings and work of the Master. It has made the individual more, the Church universal less. And both Protestantism and Romanism have erred in placing the goal of the Christian calling beyond the grave, instead of seeking a heavenly kingdom in earth and time. This vicious tendency reached its climax in the doctrine of Particular Redemption, — the doctrine that redemption is the lot of a favored few, a prerogative whose full fruition is reserved for mansions in the skies.

All this I conceive to be entirely foreign to the genius of Christianity. It is no exclusive advantage which the gospel contemplates, but a common weal. Redemption is not a private but a public good, to be realized only in and through society. The kingdom of heaven is a polity of which earth

is to be the scene, and earth-inhabiting men and women the subjects. It is the realization of the Christian social ideal,—a truer union of man with man, a society founded and perfected in love.

There was a time in the early Church, a brief moment, when this ideal seemed about to be realized. A phantom of the heavenly kingdom appeared. From the camera of the "Upper Room" an image of the New Jerusalem was projected on the ground of the old. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul. Neither said any that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." The phantom passed, and never again from that time to this has Christendom been of one heart and one soul. Never since has the kingdom of heaven been so near as then. Contrast this picture with the Christendom of to-day, measure by this standard the social status of any Christian city, gauge its unequal fortunes, explore its strata from the high palatial wards of flaunting opulence to the squalid lairs of labor and want; survey its scenes of famine and fashion, and say how far the Christendom of to-day fulfils the promise of the first decennium. The ideal of Christian society is free circulation and perfect union, securing the welfare of every member; the actual condition of society, the world over, is one of obstruction, causing disease, misery, crime. Everywhere society divides itself into two distinct classes, mutually antagonistic, having no sympathy, and only a forced communion with each other. We call them "the rich and the poor;" but these terms imperfectly express the disparity they represent, since many who are poor and even straightened and pinched with poverty may by education, social connections, or other advantages, belong, on the whole, to the favored class. However we name them, there is this discrepance in the body social. There are these two regions of social existence as widely sundered as if divided by intervening seas. I do not know that this feature of the social economy which dates with the dawn of civilization is less conspicuous in our day, in Christian communities, after two millenniums of Christian administration, than it was in

the days of the apostles. Countries the most active in Christian charity exhibit it as marked and prevailing as any heathen lands. No country is more zealous in all philanthropic enterprise than England, and no nation is more burdened with pauperism. England expends millions of money in efforts to convert the heathen of other lands, but thousands and hundreds of thousands of her own subjects exist in a state of more than heathen ignorance and degradation.

The distinction of property is one of the eldest and most universal of all the distinctions that divide mankind. This social antithesis is the parent, or foster-parent, of most of the evils which afflict society. It is not merely the difference in the mode of life, — the luxury on one side and privation on the other; the indulgence of the taste, — the refined gratifications enjoyed by one class and denied to the other. This is not the only or chief evil involved in this distinction. A greater evil is the difference of social estimation which attends it. The possession of material values is made the gauge of respectability, as if material values were infallible vouchers of manly worth. We say a man is "worth" so much, — "worth" a million, or not "worth" a dollar. Language is a great revealer of the mind of society, and language makes money synonymous with worth. It says implicitly that a man is just so deserving as he is rich. If this view and standard were confined to the market and the stock exchange, one would not complain; it would signify then no more than commercial ability. But, unhappily, the standard of commercial ability invades the hearth and heart of society; it controls social intercourse, it dictates even to our churches. The support of public worship by taxes levied on seats in the church has made religion the client of wealth, and tends more and more to enhance the distinction of social rank, and to separate class from class. Said one, complainingly, "The pew-rates in our church are quite too low; by this means improper persons have seats there." The improper persons were persons of inferior rank, whose contact was considered to be defiling. This anti-Christian sentiment is nothing new; it dates from the first century of the Christian Church. It is

curious to see it asserting itself away back in the apostolic time. "My brethren," says the Epistle of James, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons. For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial among yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren; hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? Ye despise the poor." So it was then, and so it is still. Social intercourse is based on property. Wealth regards poverty as an inferior, with whom it refuses to associate on equal terms, with whom any intercourse other than that of affairs is condescension and a special grace. Poverty is a Pariah, and comes in time to regard itself as such. All the forces of society coincide with this view, all range themselves on the side of property, all go to help and further the rich. The greater part of all legislation aims at protection of property. The law helps the rich to collect their rents more than it helps the poor to earn their bread. Religion itself, ecclesiastical religion, in our ecclesiastical system, is the client of the rich, and therefore their natural ally. Their almoner, too, be it freely acknowledged, and so far the friend of the poor, but their friend by condescension, not by fellow-feeling and frank espousal of their cause. The balance of power, the prestige of society, are with the rich; and poverty stands helpless, with no defence but society's dependence upon it, on its sinews and muscles, and the consequent necessity capital is under of furnishing the means of subsistence in order to reap the fruits of its toil.

All this, it may be pleaded, is true but unavoidable, inherent in the constitution of society. Why speak of it? Why dwell on it? Why descant of an evil proper to civilization, — an evil which dates from the foundation of the world, and for which there is no remedy? I can only reply that,

unavoidable or not, it is unchristian. If inherent in the constitution of society, then the constitution of society is unchristian; and if there be really no remedy, then Christianity, considered as the religion of humanity, is a failure. But the Christian heart, warned by its higher instincts, and believing in the divine origin and destination of society, — believing, that is, in the possibility of a kingdom of heaven, — refuses to admit the irremediableness of any social evil. That this evil is not to be remedied by violent measures, by agrarian convulsions and forced revolutions, I admit. That the remedy lies not in communistic tinkering, I am also persuaded. The only effectual and permanent remedy is such a development of Christian sentiment, such a growth of Christian love, as shall stimulate the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves, — such a growth of Christian love as shall move the rich to make common cause with the poor, and by generous abnegation of unequal profits and redundant private gain, make capital conducive to the common good. An American banker has indicated in his own illustrious example the higher uses of wealth, and by his munificent donation to the poor of London, where his fortune was achieved, has shown what an individual may accomplish in that direction who looks upon riches as a sacred trust, and values them more as means of good to others than of personal pomp and sumptuous living. It is no deduction from the credit due to Mr. Peabody to say that in the donations dispensed by him with so liberal a hand, he has felt that he was but discharging a righteous debt, — the debt which the fortunate and wealthy owes to that class of society by whose service he thrives. It is not a debt which is recognized by law, or even as yet by public opinion. All the more honor, therefore, to him who feels and accepts the obligation. Justice is a higher virtue than munificence, but in this instance justice and munificence have joined hands; righteousness and mercy have kissed each other. Well might the Queen of England, in her own handwriting, and by the gift of her portrait, express her respect for the man, and her sense of the value of his example. The act was characterized as conde-

scension on her part. I do not believe the royal lady regarded it as such. There is a debt which wealth owes to poverty apart from all considerations of charity and mercy. When Victor Hugo, whose broad humanity eclipses his genius, transcendent as that is, was praised for his bounty in spreading a Christmas feast for the poor of his vicinity, he disclaimed all credit for the act, declaring that all he could do for the poor was simple justice, the payment of a debt.

It will be long before such examples will find followers sufficient to effect any sensible change in the social and material condition of the poor, any sensible diminution of the terrible disease of pauperism, the imposthume of civilization, if, indeed, the object could ever be accomplished in that way, could ever be accomplished by gifts alone. Meanwhile, it is a pertinent question, what has the Christian Church contributed, what is she contributing to this result? The Church has instituted missions to the poor, the Church builds chapels for the poor, and seeks to minister in various ways to their temporal and spiritual wants. But these are only palliatives by which individual cases of extreme want may be relieved, and here and there cases of vice reclaimed. They do not reach the root of the evil, they do not check the growth of pauperism, they do not redeem the crass heathendom of Christian cities. It is a narrow interpretation of that great word of the Master, the supreme mark of his mission, "The poor have the gospel preached to them," to suppose that preaching is the thing especially required, and a good in itself, and that the saying is fulfilled if the poor hear sermons. What the poor most need is not preaching nor alms, but the gospel itself, or the fruit of the gospel, a readjustment of the social state, a radical reform, by which the extreme of want shall no longer exist, and want-born misery and vice be done away. I am not aware that the Church is undertaking this reform, or in any of her synods and conventions is so much as considering it. The Church has been more interested in polishing her theology, in extending her doctrine, in sending doctrinal Christianity to heathen lands, than in realizing the gospel of the kingdom at home. Outside of the Church, independently, that is, of all

church organization, an attempt is making, which should have been made by the Church, which should have been the main business and prime interest of her conventions,—the attempt to meliorate the social condition of the poor, to relieve the misery of the Pariah caste. I refer to the associations formed in the name and interest of Social Science. These associations contemplate the application to society of the principles and laws which bear on the economical and material well-being of man. They do not directly concern themselves with his spiritual welfare; but the two are nearly related, and whatever promotes the one can hardly fail to be largely conducive to the other. These efforts may not be immediately effective in the way of practical relief; but the movement is one of the happiest augury. The mere fact of an interest in social well-being sufficiently earnest to instigate systematic effort in that direction, on a scientific basis, is a step gained. The application of social science in the spirit of philanthropy to human weal, I call objective Christianity. For what distinguishes Christianity, objectively considered, is its message to the poor,—a message first of sympathy, then of relief. So well was this understood by the first disciples, that almost it is the only thing in which they are agreed. John and Paul and Peter and James had each his own interpretation of the word. There are differences of opinion, peculiarities of doctrine, diversities of administration; but, regarding the new commandment, one mind in all. Whatever else Christianity might signify to any one of them, to all it meant the rehabilitation of want; to all it was a Poor's Gospel. Paul says, "When James and Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go to the heathen, and they to the circumcision, only they would that we should remember the poor, the same which I also was forward to do." From this fundamental principle of Christian ethic I deduce these positions:—

1. No interest in social well-being, no Christianity.
2. No sense of responsibility for the burdens of the poor, no Christianity.

3. No practical beneficence, no Christianity.

The first demand of Christian ethic, and the first and indispensable condition of any effective action for the benefit of the sinking and sunken classes, is sympathy. By sympathy I mean something else and more than pity. Pity is a transient emotion which the sight of actual suffering rarely fails to excite. Sympathy implies a more intimate acquaintance with its object, the power and will to place ourselves in their condition, to feel with them, to make their wants our wants. The absence of this sympathy is the greatest obstacle to philanthropic action. It is not the want of money to accomplish its objects that philanthropy has to complain of, but the want of sympathy to suggest and direct philanthropic effort. Money can generally be obtained for any object which takes the sympathy of those who have money to give. The difficulty is not in obtaining money, but in knowing how to use it for the best and permanent good of the poor. And that difficulty arises from want of sympathy. What the late Justice Talfourd of England said in a charge from the bench, on the eve of his death, that "the great sin of the upper classes in England at the present day is want of sympathy," is more or less true of all civilized nations. Everywhere civilization bisects society, estranges one half from the other, and places a yawning gulf between. Everywhere society has, like the moon, its bright side and its night side. And those whose lot is cast in one of these divisions have no knowledge of, and none but forced dealings with, the other. To the privileged and prosperous the world of want and ignorance and grovelling vice is a foreign realm, which they know only by report. We have established in these days communication by electric wires with the other side of the globe; who shall establish communication with the unknown world so near our own door? We have daily tidings from cities three thousand miles removed; what do the city dwellers know of the other side of society in their own? The night side of society, what do we know of it? What do the prosperous know of the life that is lived in so many a corner and den topographically near, but socially antipodal? — the unblest, sickly life which

struggles and starves in ruined sheds and squalid hovels, the cryptic, creeping, guilty life that grubs and burrows in subterranean lairs, the rank, pestilential life that breeds and festers in crumbling yet crowded tenements, packed and piled for the owner's profit and the tenant's curse with layer upon layer of human wretchedness? All this is hid in deep shadow, out of sight, out of mind. The respectable citizen, the thrifty merchant, as they pass to and from their places of business, encounter it not. The decorous dame, the trim maiden, in their visits to the shops that swallow the income of father and husband, are not affronted with the sight. None know of it but those whose lot and portion it is, and those whom official duty occasionally brings into contact with it, and the few whom charity prompts to explore its secrets. Between rich and poor, between privileged and outcast, there is a great gulf fixed, and those who dwell on the privileged side are apt to look upon those whose lot is cast on the other as not only less favored by circumstance, but as actually inferior in kind. I have known men and women in our democratic America, in whom was such a consciousness of superiority and social elevation, such a feeling of aloofness from their needy brother and sister, that scarcely in heaven, if such pride could find entrance there, can I conceive of them as meeting on equal terms. This stiffness, this social reserve, was momentarily done away in the first revelation of the gospel. The old hardness yielded to the new love; hearts were fused in the fervent heat of the new creation in Christ Jesus, as the crudest, flintiest ore first swims, then collapses, and finally merges in the fiery flood of the smelting. Then was witnessed the strange phenomenon, stranger even than such a sight would be now, — citizens of high estimation and splendid circumstance stopping in the streets of Alexandria, or of Antioch, to embrace with cordial affection some slave or freedman or humble artisan, as brother and equal in Him in whom all earthly distinctions were made void.

The fervor abated, the metal cooled, the hardness returned. Christianity, which has subdued so many things to itself, was not then strong enough, has never since been strong enough,

to subdue the spirit of caste. The most that the Church could effect was a compromise with wealth on behalf of the poor for alms and protection.

Let there be sympathy, at least, where equality may not be, — frank human sympathy of the rich with the poor. The central idea of practical Christianity is the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood, if not acknowledged in a Christian and legitimate way, will sooner or later assert itself in a penal way. If not confessed in the way of kindness, it will make itself felt in the way of retribution. Dr. Alison, in his "Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland," relates that a poor Irish widow, in one of the lanes of Edinburgh, left utterly destitute with her children, went to solicit help from the charitable establishments of that city. At this establishment and then at that she was refused, referred from one to the other, helped by none, till she had exhausted them all, till her strength failed her, and then she sank down in typhus fever, died, and infected her lane with fever, so that seventeen other persons died there of fever in consequence. The humane physician asks thereupon, "Would it not have been economy to have helped this poor widow? She took typhus fever and killed seventeen of you. The forlorn Irish widow applies to her fellow-creatures, as if saying, 'Behold, I am sinking without help. You must help me! I am your sister, bone of your bone; one God has made us; you must help me!' They answer, 'No! impossible! You are no sister of ours.' But she proves her sisterhood; her typhus fever kills them; they actually were her brothers though denying it. Had man ever to go lower for a proof?" *

I have spoken of one condition of social reform. I turn to another, also of prime importance, — frugality, moderation of personal expenditure on the part of those whose means allow, and may therefore seem to justify lavish indulgence. It would be unreasonable to expect that the rich shall accommodate their style of living in all respects to those of smaller means, and spend no more on their persons or their establishments than their poorer neighbor. There are luxuries which

* Carlyle's Past and Present.

wealth may fairly and lawfully indulge, and which people of moderate means must be content to forego. And whilst I pity the delusion of the rich who dares to think more highly of himself because of his accidents, I pity still more the want of self-respect in those who quarrel with this disparity, and feel their own dignity prejudiced by it. At the same time, I would have the rich remember that every man in this world is by God's appointment his brother's, and every woman her sister's keeper, and that none in Christian equity may lay a stumbling-block or cause of offence in another's way. I would have them remember that the style of living which they adopt will necessarily determine the style of those who are beneath them in the scale of property. Each class will press hard on that above it, with eager competition to shine as gayly and to fare as well. Vanity will enter the lists with fortune in the race of ostentation. Poverty itself will sacrifice bread to show; meanness will supply the want of means, and misery keep pace with display. Every superfluity which one class indulges has a tendency to make life more difficult and dangerous to all. Wealth has a right to its splendors, but wealth must not think to escape its responsibilities; it must hold itself accountable for the rivalry it provokes, and for much of the ruin that rivalry creates. Well would it be if the rich would invest their superfluity in works of art, in sculptures and paintings, which humbler fortunes will not be likely to attempt, rather than in trinkets and dress, which offer temptations to vanity and excite emulation without educating taste. The rapid increase of luxury in this country is a spectacle which no thoughtful mind and no true lover of his country can regard without alarm, when he thinks of the part which luxury has had in the downfall of nations. It is a vulgar mistake that luxury benefits society by employing labor. When Madame Maintenon exhorted Louis XIV. to greater liberality in the matter of alms, he replied that kings are almoners by their large expenditures. A comfortable thought to selfish prodigality, but a serious error. Society is benefited by large expenditure in just that proportion in which consumption is productive. The more it consists in superfluous gratifications, the less productive. It must not be supposed

that the labor employed upon some gorgeous fancy would without that luxury have found no employment. The same capital which employs labor in that form would, in the absence of that, have found employment for it in some other form more generally useful. For that is capital's nature and destination to ally itself with labor in the creation of values. In one way or another it will seek investment, if not in the way of superfluities, then in the way of utilities. When I speak of luxury, I am far from condemning all that is included in that term, all the elegancies and refinements of life. Luxury within certain bounds is essential as well to the material as to the social and intellectual prosperity of nations. It is one of the educators of society. Nor is it easy to define the boundary between elegance and superfluity, between a commendable grace and a graceless extravagance. But every right-minded person will, without the aid of a sumptuary law, appreciate the distinction between money spent by those who can afford the outlay, in beautiful and durable works of art, and money spent in festive pageants and extravagant attire. It is not the luxury of elegance, but the luxury of ostentation that wisdom condemns, — displays in which the expense itself is the chief boast. Such luxury is nearly allied, as cause or effect, with all that is most prejudicial to the morals and prosperity of a nation, with public and private corruption, abuse of government patronage, stupendous fraud, and all that hastened the ruin of the ancient states. Pliny the younger mentions having seen at a banquet a woman who wore a network of emeralds and pearls which cost forty million, or, according to one reading, four hundred million sesterii (over a million of dollars), as she offered to prove by her jewellers' bills. And he moralizes on the fact that the vast fortune which this woman inherited had been obtained by the speculations of her grandfather, a public functionary under Augustus. In modern as in ancient time great prodigality is closely connected with great injustice. But waiving this point, and considering extravagance in a merely economical view, a significant lesson is taught by the fact that wherever there has been in an age or nation excessive luxury on one side, there has been abject poverty and great distress on the other. At the

time of the coronation of the present Queen of England, the journals which described the gorgeous festivities of that occasion, and told of court suits costing hundreds of thousands, recorded the death of two individuals who perished in the streets of London for want of a morsel of bread. The fact is a terrible comment on modern civilization and Christian society. In our own land extravagance is the fatal leak in the national economy which no financiering can stanch. The only remedy is voluntary self-restraint on the part of those whose means allow unlimited indulgence. Here, especially, those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves. In all sincerity, I believe there is no way in which the rich can more effectually benefit the poor than by voluntary abnegation in the matter of personal display. Especially, there is no way in which women of wealth and rank can render a greater service to society than by setting an example of simplicity in dress. A severer taste as well as a higher morality will dictate such moderation.

The possession of wealth is a great trust. All our possessions are topics of accountableness, but none so manifestly as wealth, for nowhere is the relation of means to ends so obvious as here. On the rich is laid the welfare of the poor, to them is committed the present and the future of their weaker brethren. And let Wealth remember that it owes to Poverty an immense debt, — a debt whose arrears have been accumulating, interest upon interest, from age to age. What made Wealth? It is Poverty. Without Poverty Wealth could not be. In order that the rich may accumulate, they must subsidize the service of others. Who will render them this service? Not the rich, but the poor. If the poor derived from their toil the same profit that the rich derive from it, both would be maintained, but neither would be rich. I do not deny that the poor are indebted to the rich. Starting from the given point of inequality in the present condition of society, they are unquestionably indebted to the rich for their employment and the means of subsistence which that employment gives. But I do say that the balance of obligation is on the side of the rich. Taking the whole of society, past and present, into

the account, the balance of obligation is decidedly, and to an extent beyond calculation, on the side of the rich. Wealth owes to Poverty an immense debt. And not Wealth alone, but all of us are implicated in this debt. Society is immensely and everlastingly indebted to the poor who have done its work, the long-forgotten work on which it builds and lives. It is Poverty that felled the forests, and planted the wilderness, and levelled the hills, and made straight the paths in which we walk. Poverty handled and trimmed and laid one upon another every brick and stone by which this city has been built up, stretched every telegraph wire from Maine to California, twisted every strand of the cable which binds the hemispheres in electric communication. Directed by intelligence, it is true, but what were the brain without the hands? Without Poverty, who would serve us and do our work, build our railways, navigate our ships, and procure the products by which civilization subsists? Let not Wealth come in and say, "It is my capital that has done this." True, my brother, but whence that capital? Hast thou, then, spun it, spider-like, out of thine own bowels? That capital is also the product of Poverty. Thy capital is kneaded and moulded with the sweat of thy brother's face. His years, his weary years are in it; it is carved out of thy brother's life. For what is capital but concrete labor, — the labor of the past condensed and made portable? Poverty, not Wealth, has done the work. He is the great and patient creditor of us all. Poverty, hard-handed, coarse-clad, toil-bowed, weather-scarred, shut out from the palaces and temples of thine own rearing, thou art our creditor. Who shall repay thee thy long dues? What a reckoning will that be when thou and Wealth shall "meet at compt"!

The reform which shall accomplish the design of Christianity in favor of the poor, which shall cause the gospel to be preached to them not in word but in deed, which shall abolish pauperism, — and that reform includes most others, — is especially committed to the rich. And the business of the Church is to move and persuade the rich to lay hand on this work. Mammon has been from first to last the chief enemy of the gospel. Christianity has never fairly grappled with

this enemy, because it has been always the patron of the Church, leagued with it for mutual support. But it must be grappled with and put under before the poor can have the gospel realized to them as well as preached.

"The poor always ye have with you." Always the two classes of the rich and the poor. Strict equality of means and goods is not the demand of reason or religion. Not equality, but subordination, is the law of the universe. Inequality there will be of means and goods so long as there is inequality of nature and endowment. Always the two classes of the rich and the poor, but not always, let us hope, so sharply contrasted, not always so widely sundered as now. None but a madman can desire an equal distribution of the wealth of society, and none who are not utterly blind to the teachings of nature and religion can suppose that the wide separation which now divides these two extremes is the true and divine order of society. Philanthropy searches for the root of this evil, and finds it to be want of circulation, finds it to be the isolation of parts which belong to one whole, and which, as members of one body, behoove to be in true relation and sympathy each with each. To establish that sympathy, to restore the circulation of the body social by a right adjustment of part with part,—right adjustment of work and wages, of means and worth, is the problem of social science, is the problem of society. And until that problem is solved; until those enormous discrepancies in the social condition are done away which allow one man to riot in luxury while another perishes with hunger; until labor shall be assured of opportunity and due reward, and those who produce shall also possess; until men shall be honored according to their worth; until the poorest shall have the means of education and refinement and spiritual culture and self-respect; until beggary and rags, the graceless form, the squalid abode, the absence of conscious dignity in mien and movement, shall no longer proclaim the pariah and the serf; so long Christianity will not have fulfilled its mission, though its creed were perfect and accepted of all, though the gospel were preached in every land, and all kindreds and tongues were nominally Christian.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

THE highest types of character bear a close mutual kindred, exhibiting indeed individualities of genius, taste, and capacity, yet no traits that could mark them as of different races, conditions, or sexes, or interfere with their mutual recognition and full fellowship. On the lower branches of the tree of human existence the blossoms—expanding slowly and imperfectly—are so tinged by earthy hues, and so thrown out of symmetry by the pressure and attrition of surrounding objects, as to present perpetual diversity and contrast; but on the topmost boughs, where alone, in free air and sunshine, they reach their perfection, they all unfold in the same pattern of divine beauty and loveliness. The true saints of all nations bear a strong family likeness, so that “there is neither Jew nor Greek.” Nor yet is there “bond or free;” for the insignia of bondage no more cling in our thought to the thoroughly Christianized slave than do manacles to our conception of the apostles who so often wore them. In like manner, the hard, rough features of manhood disappear from the man thoroughly baptized in the spirit of Christ; and womanly weakness is merged in God-given might for those noble women whom in every age Providence has placed in the foremost rank of the cross-bearers.

The differences of human character owe their greater or less prominence chiefly to the degree in which the power of circumstances has transcended that of man’s own soul. Nations, conditions, and sexes owe their peculiar characteristics to the fact that they are weaker than their circumstances. Individuals put off these characteristics by accessions of spiritual might which make them stronger than their circumstances. And as these accessions can flow only from Christ and his gospel, the unity of the human race and the virtual equality of the sexes are necessary results of the progress of Christianity, so that Christ cannot in truth reign over the kingdoms of the world without making them one kingdom.

We propose to approach from this direction the so much mooted question of the true position of woman in the social scale. We are constrained, on the one hand, to read, or to lay aside unread, numberless diatribes that claim for woman prerogatives and positions usurped, it is alleged, by her stronger brother, but of equal right appertaining to both. On the other hand, with conservative authors and editors, no epithets are made in their application more stingingly reproachful than *masculine* and *feminine* as characteristic of the sexes to which they do not respectively belong. So far from assenting to this latter estimate, we would maintain that, in the constellation of the virtues, there are none that are the exclusive property of man or of woman,—that in the true and highest sense of the words the masculine and feminine attributes belong equally to every character as it approaches perfection.

Look first at our Saviour. Who ever dared to regard him as other than the peerless pattern of every manly virtue? Undaunted courage, unwearied energy, ardent patriotism, uncompromising resistance to evil, philanthropy bold, fearless, aggressive upon every form of wrong, have him for their highest example. Kingly in rebuke, undismayed among gain-sayers, displaying unequalled strength and readiness of resources, when confronted with his enemies in the temple or on the lake-side, and when bearing his last testimony before Caiaphas and Pilate, he presents what would be rigid features of character, were they not perpetually softened into beauty by the lambent rays of the divine image he bore. On the other hand, what woman ever looked to him in the peculiar burdens, trials, cares, and duties of her lot, and found not in his spirit all that she needed to teach, sustain, and guide her? A motherly sympathy with the sick, the grief-stricken, and the sin-laden; a sister's tenderness of regard and affection for those in the domestic and social circle; all those air-lines, delicate touches, indescribable graces of character that enter into the ideal of womanly loveliness,—find in him their perfect archetype. In gentleness, modesty, serenity, meekness, patience, in every trait that could make home-life beautiful, in

spontaneous pity, in winning courteousness, in self-forgetting thought for the happiness of others, in every refinement of utterance, manner, and demeanor, we see in him a completeness of detail corresponding to the vast outline of godlike attributes presented in his public career, his world-redeeming office, his majestic sacrifice. Nor is it barely in his public and social life that we trace the traits of ideal womanhood. In the passive aspect of his character there seems to have been a womanly susceptibility of suffering, so that every pang of violated friendship and wounded love, every slight and wrong, no less than the severer forms of evil, made its full impression on a moral nature, whose organism was no less delicate than strong, as fine in fibre as it was unconquerable in resistance and endurance. Now, why should there not be, nay, must there not be, in the disciple who makes the nearest approach to the Master, this same blending of seemingly opposed, yet really harmonious attributes, so that there shall be, in a spiritual sense, "neither male nor female," because they are both "one in Christ Jesus"?

We have said that strongly-marked peculiarities are the result of the power of circumstances over character. Man, occupying the forefront in the battle of life, often in association or conflict with coarseness and rudeness, often in that near view of evil which blunts the sensitiveness of the moral nature, is prone to acquire a rough and rigid type of character, which, so far from enhancing, alloys the true virtues of manhood, makes integrity austere, energy stern, and even substantial benevolence unlovely in its modes and utterances. The life of sentiment is often broken down by the attrition of the working-day world, and the fountains of genial affection are partially dried by the sand-wastes of selfishness in which the daily task-work must be wrought. And by *masculine* as a term of reproach are usually denoted precisely these asperities and deficiencies of temper and character which form no part of true manliness, but are simply marks of the encroachment of unfavorable surroundings on spirits that lack due self-sustaining and resisting power.

On the other hand, there are social influences which no

doubt are unfavorable to the full development of much that should enter into the true ideal of the female character,—which sink modesty and reserve into inordinate self-distrust, or stimulate the desire to please into the ambition to shine, or merge the sense of high responsibility in the shelter of a retired post of duty, or tempt one to forget her portion of the common trust as to the happiness and well-being of home and of society, in the chivalrous courtesy with which she is cared for, shielded, and honored, or let her sympathies exhale in sentimentality instead of incarnating themselves in works of love. In all these ways the prevailing type of female character is prone to deflect from the perfect standard. These deflections, however, appertain not to the feminine character in itself considered, but to surroundings against which it makes too feeble resistance. And it is to some of these infirmities that the epithet *feminine* is applied when used of the sex which has no title to it.

But it is the combined traits of true Christian manhood and Christian womanhood that are most of all requisite to bring the individual character into the full beauty of holiness, and into sacred harmony with our divine Exemplar. For the woman, especially for the wife and mother, what is so much needed as unfaltering courage, not obtrusive or aggressive in its manifestations, but determined and resolute wherever Providence leads, and duty points the way? How much is there, among women, of slavery to appearances! How many false shows are hung out to the world! How many martyrdoms of principle to the frivolous demands of fashion, to the imagined claims of place and condition, to the tyranny of social customs which would vanish at once before a vigorous protest! How frequent is the insuperable reluctance to face the realities of life, to conform to well-known facts, to make efforts or sacrifices which integrity demands! How many are the counsels, warnings, rebukes, expostulations, which could come with efficacy from a woman's, a wife's, a mother's, a sister's lips, but which only here and there one has the courage to utter! What a new face might be put on society, on business, nay, on the arena of politics, were there on the part

of woman the fearless profession and maintenance of principles that lie deep in her heart, but too often remain hidden there! How much of wrong and evil, of profligacy that feels no shame, of vice in winning address and fashionable guise, would shrink from sight, and be cast upon its own loathing self-consciousness, if those to whom society has intrusted its keys and its ruling offices had the courage to act out their own convictions of right, to frown on what they know to be detestable, and to place the seal of their approval only where their hearts can give it!

Thus, on the sheltered arena, in affairs which court not the world's eye, yet which involve the most sacred interests, there is the demand for vigor of soul, for strength of character, for a courage often of a higher order and of more difficult growth than that which wages the open conflicts and meets the manifest dangers of the outward world. In the profession of principle, in adherence to the truth and the right, in the strenuous discharge of the duties of benevolence, in the mild yet firm maintenance of every cause of humanity however spoken against, in every form in which one can say in conduct and character, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," there is no measure of manly courage which does not blend in beautiful harmony with all womanly graces, and enhance their loveliness and power. It is within the province of woman alone to effect the separation between the conventional and the right, to affix their due brands of merit or censure to the various types of character, to dissolve the shams that defraud home and society of so much of their sincerity and their comeliness, and to enthrone Christian principle in the relations and intercourse of daily life.

Man, on the other hand, with the strength of character which girds him for duty and for conflict, with boldness in the right which should never permit itself to be enfeebled, with the strenuousness of purpose and endeavor without which he never could ford or stem the currents of this busy age, needs for true Christian culture the softening, humanizing graces, the milder, gentler virtues, which he is so prone to regard as the appanage of the other sex. How many unintended

wounds of sensibility are the result of mere reckless rudeness! How many claims of brotherhood elude the obtuse perceptions of men who are benevolent at heart! How are evils often enhanced by violent onslaught upon them, when they would yield to the approaches of a more gentle and loving spirit! How often does principle "strive and cry," and truth wield the weapons of an unhallowed strife, when success and victory would crown a warfare whose weapons were "not carnal!" Meekness in the intercourse of life, mild forbearance in its unavoidable collisions, the peaceful advocacy of the right, persuasion in the place of invective, the soft answer for the angry altercation, — how would these regenerate many of the scenes in which the angel of love is not now a wonted guest, and breathe over much that is now wholly of the earth the spirit of heaven!

Then, too, there are none of the delicate courtesies, the amenities, the tender sympathies of social intercourse, the details of careful forethought for the least rights or interests of others, which are not worthy of the man of the most commanding mind, in the highest sphere of service, nay, which are not due from him and graceful in him in precise proportion to the vigor and grasp of his intellect, and the extent and weight of his influence. Minute conscientiousness in word and deed, such as is especially characteristic of the normal Christian woman, indicates in a man true greatness and loftiness of spirit.

Above all, the manly character is deficient in its crowning grace unless there be tender, confiding piety, profound humility before God, the spirit of earnest prayer and devout gratitude, the spirit that can find genial utterance in the inquiry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" In many minds there are exclusively feminine associations with this whole heart-ritual of the religious life; and only with too much justice, when we remember who was "last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb." Man is prone to deem a general sentiment of reverence and an honest purpose all the religion he needs, and to leave the details of devout feeling, the various personal ministries of Christian piety and love, the public

altar-service, and, there is reason to fear, often the altar of the heart also, for those who, in their more retired life, their incommunicable trials and griefs, and their superior sensitiveness to spiritual relations, are supposed to need resources which a life in the outward world seems not to need simply because it does not crave them. But when we contemplate our necessary relations to God, his claims upon our allegiance, our rapid passage onward to his tribunal, our ultimate dependence for pardon and acceptance on his mercy; when we consider the love of Christ, the demands of his law, the pleadings of his spirit, the reconciling blood of his cross, the intense need of suffering humanity that he become its Redeemer,—can we for a moment tolerate a distinction in duty, a difference of obligation, between man and woman? Is not the living sacrifice of every power and affection, of heart and life, the least due of every human being? Lie we not all as of ourselves helpless sinners before the mercy-seat? And is there any depth of humiliation which should not be ours as we implore forgiving, sanctifying grace,—any ecstasy of gratitude which should not be ours as pardoned and accepted children of God and joint-heirs with Christ? Well may we all before our God and our Redeemer adopt as our watchword the apostle's declaration, "There is neither male nor female; for they are one in Christ Jesus."

The foregoing discussion has a most important bearing on the questions so much agitated at the present time as to the position and rights of woman. We have no faith in any external measures ostensibly reformatory. Duties must precede rights, and be made their basis. If a woman claims to hold the place and do the work of a man, she must first show that she has the spirit of a man; for it is not her womanhood, but her complete humanity, that gives her whatever rights of this sort belong to her. Let all that is noble in man be developed in the female character, let all that is tender in woman be grafted on the genuine manliness of the stronger sex,—then, and not till then, will woman know her place and be fit for it,—then, and not till then, will man recognize her claims and concede them.

Meanwhile, many of the external (so-called) reforms which are so loudly demanded, if actualized, would only retard or frustrate the religious elevation, and thus the assimilation on the higher spiritual plane of man and woman. To specify but one such measure, we can conceive of no surer instrumentality for the degradation and pollution of society than the extension of the right of suffrage to women. In the discussion of this subject the true question is blinked out of sight. The question is not whether the normally good women, or the abnormally "strong-minded" women would or would not confer a benefit on society by their suffrage, or by their office-holding. We would readily grant all civil rights and functions to such women as both deserved and desired to exercise them. But we have among men universal or *quasi*-universal suffrage, — a very large portion of the voters being as unfit as their dogs for the discretionary exercise of this function, — a large part of them bribed or drugged into the service of a political party. If the right of suffrage be extended to women, they will not be contented with a narrower restriction than is applied to men. There are, perhaps, as many ignorant and vicious women as men in all our towns and cities. If they are to have votes, those votes will be bought by ministering to their vilest appetites and passions. The least that can be expected is that they will be brought by scores to the polls, in various stages of intoxication, as so many men now are. Are our female reformers prepared for this? Do they crave for their sex, on election days, at mass-meetings, and in torchlight processions, participation in orgies, riots, and debauches which make every lover of his country heartsick as often as they recur? The union of the sexes in such scenes is too horrible to think of. It would make our political meetings much less edifying to a well-disposed mind than the orderly and dignified councils in pandemonium with which our great poet has made us familiar. This must not be. If the women obtain the right of suffrage, as they may, we trust that the first use they make of their superiority in number will be to emulate their Athenian sisters in that well-known comedy of Aristophanes, and disfranchise the men.

GOD'S OVERSEEING CARE.

BY C. S. LOCKE.

WHEN Solomon was erecting the temple at Jerusalem, we are informed that the stone was made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. Workmen in Lebanon hewed beams of cedar and planks of fir. The weavers of Tyre wove fine linen, and tinged it with their costly dyes. Hiram, of the tribe of Naphtali, a man filled with wisdom and understanding, cast pillars, and a molten sea, and lavers and pomegranates of brass. Men skilful in carving, adorned the doors of olive wood with traceries of cherubim and palm-trees, and open flowers, and those cunning in the working of precious metals overlaid them with gold, and prepared utensils of the same material. All the known world furnished contributions, and all able workmen helped to fashion them for the house of the Lord. But we may reasonably suppose that most who were engaged in this labor had but a feeble conception of the magnificent result. Those who were digging for the foundations on Mt. Moriah knew not what a noble edifice should there be built. The quarryman, fashioning his blocks of stone, and the carpenter, hewing his trees according to a prescribed pattern, were ignorant in what part of the building their workmanship would appear. The braziers, weavers, and goldsmiths could not tell what portions of the temple their productions should adorn. But over the whole watched the architect's presiding mind. Before the first shovelful of earth was thrown up, or the axe was heard among the forests of cedar and fir tree, he could behold, in imagination, each stone and timber, each curtain of linen, each vessel of gold in its proper place. When the materials were brought together, they might seem, to one ignorant of the designer's plan, a confused mass, but under his disposing intellect, each block swung into its proper station, each timber and plank fitted its intended position, and the separate work of all the artisans fell into its appropriate place.

Thus does the Architect of the universe preside over the building of the great temple of Humanity. Nations and individuals labor at their respective tasks unconscious of what place their work will occupy, and often in despondency deeming their efforts vain. Homer and Hesiod, reciting myths of gods and heroes, knew not that they were laying the foundation of that great arch of literature whereon Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, and Dante have built. The Greeks, bringing to perfection both those modes of expression which appeal to the ear through language, and to the eye through form, were unconscious what element they were contributing to the great fabric of human civilization. Rome knew not that she was establishing the principles of civil and political jurisprudence, on which the policy of future states and empires should rest. The Hebrew prophets, pouring forth stirring words of warning and encouragement at particular crises in the national history; David and Asaph, inditing Psalms, to be chanted in the great congregation, thought not that they were awakening a melody that, spreading from nation to nation, should find an echo in millions of responsive hearts. Matthew, writing his Gospel for the Hebrews; Mark, his for the Romans; Luke, his for Theophilus; John, his for the churches in Asia Minor, and Paul, dictating his Epistles to the disciples in Rome, Corinth, and Philippi, though they had faith in the spread and triumph of Christianity, hardly suspected that they were issuing writings which should, by and by, be collected together, should be called the New Testament, and be regarded with reverence and affection by all classes and conditions of men. But the tender mercies of God were over the works of all these separate laborers, and built the culture of Greece, the ethics of Rome, and the religious fervor and insight of Judea each into its proper place.

And so, day by day and year by year, the temple of human progress advances, increasing by every new fact in science, built up by every genuine product of art, adorned with the still more precious stones of pure affections, right dispositions, and holy aims. A Leibnitz, or a Newton, with a comprehensive intelligence, gathers in one the results of many men's la-

bors, and builds a strong tower. A Howard and Clarkson unclothe the doors of benevolent enterprise, and a Fenelon and Channing raise the heaven-pointing spires of devotion and faith. As we pace its aisles, the tablets beneath our feet are inscribed to the memory of the wise and good, the crowned statues of prophets and martyrs look down upon us, and beckon us on, and the mingling voices of the wretched and happy, of the sorrowful and rejoicing, sound in our ears sometimes the *miserere* of penitence, and sometimes the anthem of joyful, confiding faith; but through all the listening heart may still hear the sweet dominant strain of the Psalmist, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

Nor is it the great names of history alone that perform an important part in this work. Each one who is true to the nature which God has given him, each one who employs his faculties usefully, and makes the best of the conditions wherein he was placed, is helping it forward, and though he may see no results of his labor, still the All-wise, who has foreseen everything from the beginning, has embraced it in his great plan. Thousands of observers must watch the stars and planets before a Kepler can announce their laws. Alchemists must work long in their laboratories and carry on dangerous experiments, before the beneficent science of chemistry comes to light. Hundreds of navigators must note down the direction of the wind, the course and rate of the currents, before those charts could be constructed which guide the mariner swiftly and surely round the world. Yet the exertions of all these minor laborers were essential to the grand result. The labor of the one who raised flax on the hills of Galilee, not knowing whether it should be fashioned into sails for the Tyrian vessels, or form the garment of a slave or a king, or to what use it should be put, was as necessary as that of the spinner, weaver, and dyer that prepared it for Solomon's temple.

In the same way, we all, whether we suffer or act, whether we work on matter or mind, are engaged in carrying forward God's providential plan. The very fact of our existence in

the world does something towards it. It has at least called out affections and dispositions which would otherwise have remained latent. It has certainly had an influence, one way or another, upon the character of more than one individual, and it often happens, especially in the case of those distinguished for excellence, that their lives and characters perform the greatest portion of their work, when they themselves have departed from earth, leaving behind them a rich bequest of words fitly spoken, and deeds kindly done. Mothers, who have given direction to the expanding mind, who have held before it noble aims, and who have inspired it with worthy motives, who, by patience, firmness, gentleness, forbearance, and unwearying watchfulness, have repressed wrong dispositions, and cherished right ones, have built living stones into this divine edifice. Those who have whispered words of sympathy to the sorrowing, who have visited the desolate, who have cared for the friendless, who have conferred benefits without letting the left hand know what the right hand hath done, have created works of beauty more delightful to the All-seeing eye than the cunning workmanship in gold or skilful tracery in olive wood were to the king of Israel.

The Being who has made the stars know their places, and the planets revolve in order, takes not merely the deeds, but the thoughts, characters, and emotions of each individual, and works them into the advancing fabric. This truth is most important. It is the indispensable foundation of religious feeling and religious trust. To know that the power of the All-wise and All-loving is behind each force of nature, to feel that Infinite Intelligence holds the threads of the past and the future in its hands, and knows whither their course is tending; to be sensible that there is One to whom all is order which to us seems disorder, who knows to what end are all the conflict and agitation and passion which vex mankind, who knows what part the crowded plains of Asia, the unexplored regions of Africa, and the uninhabited wilderness of South America have in the world's economy; to have faith that there is One who knows and directs all this, and who also cares personally for us, and in reality visits our hearts

with his Spirit and leads us by his invisible right hand, — this is an unspeakable relief and support in all our anxieties, labors, and pains. For who can tell what the morrow will bring forth? Who can prophesy in what results social problems may issue? What person, though life and every means be granted, can so direct his efforts as to bring his character and disposition into just that condition at which he aimed? Let him, at any stage of his progress, compare his actual state with the ideal which he proposed, and he will find some qualities left behind which he had determined to retain, some habits forming whose germs he had never suspected, and, it may be, some desirable traits unfolded through the discipline of circumstances and social relations which he had not hoped to form. He whose ever-present agency conducts the seasons in their annual round, and gives to each its peculiar use and beauty, works also within the soul, bringing about results which we did not anticipate, and rewarding whatever we have done in a spirit of faithfulness with blessings which we did not expect.

Nor can the fact of the existence of evil, of physical pain, of mental anguish, of sin and penal suffering, disturb our faith in the overseeing care of God. We know that while actions are man's, events are God's; that while one proposes, the other disposes. The All-wise brings good out of evil. In whatever is base and corrupting, he has established for its removal an inherent principle of decay, while whatever is just, true, and virtuous grows and flourishes in spite of the strongest opposition. We know that the present fair face of nature, the continents, with their chains of mountains, their river systems, and fertile hills and plains, have not been formed without a vast series of convulsions, upheavals, and floods. More than once during the geological periods prior to man, the earth seemed given up to destruction, and each time it issued forth, adorned with greater beauty, and bearing higher forms of vegetable and animal life. Throughout the whole, there was a looking forward, and a preparation for an intellectual race which should here receive training for a world of spiritual life. What has taken place in the physical

universe is an emblem of what goes on within the soul. From all the storms of trial and temptation, from the wearing, glacial action of daily anxieties, vexations, and cares, from those sudden earthquake shocks of calamity, which, at the time, seem to reverse the whole current of existence, from the furnace of affliction, from the midst of heart-rending griefs, — man, receiving these things rightly, issues with the beauty of a new creation, purified from selfish passions, distrustful of his own strength and knowledge, with more of patience, forbearance, and love in his heart, with his soul more firmly anchored in the hopes and principles of heaven.

Let us suppose ourselves placed at the outset, in a world whence sin and suffering should be excluded. How many of the noblest and most excellent traits of character would be left unfolded! The patience that endures, and the energy and persistence that overcome, would both be wanting. The sublime spectacle of those who, allured by all that can tempt ambition, and threatened by all of ignominy and suffering that man can inflict, still retain their integrity unblemished, would be unseen. We should not have in our remembrances those uncomplaining ones who, amidst the unremitting agony of disease, have never forgotten to care for the wants of others, and have never failed to cherish faith in God. We should be without the host of prophets, martyrs, and reformers, who have labored and suffered for the truth. We should fail of knowing the worth and nobility of the soul.

Still more, what is it that proves the strongest bond of friendly or domestic union, except the sense of misfortune and disappointment mutually shared, of pain and sickness alleviated by one another's sympathy, of despondency removed and anxiety allayed by one another's wise counsel and hopeful spirit? Look at those dispositions of benevolence which are called forth in the relief of the distressed, and the réclamation of the erring, and to those of gratitude which issue from those who have been thus benefited, and we shall perceive fair spiritual growths arising from soil that poverty, misery, and wretchedness have tilled. Transient sufferings have produced permanent excellencies.

History teaches us the same lesson which our private experience enforces. The ruin of Troy results in the planting of the germ of a new form of civilization on the Italian coasts. The persecutions in England drive the colonists of Massachusetts to our shores, and the tempestuous weather compels them to land in Plymouth instead of New York. Macauley shows us that the Roman Catholic Church was well fitted for the early stages of English civilization, that in abolishing the distinction between Saxon and Norman, and in gradually releasing the former from enslavement to the latter, it accomplishes results to which Protestantism, with its sectarian divisions, might not have been competent. Consider, too, how our Saviour's death has been overruled for good. The Pharisees thought to crush the rising sect of Galileans by the crucifixion of their Master, but the narration of the sufferings which he endured through their means, has been a most potent instrumentality in drawing mankind to Christ. We connect our highest ideas of resignation with the garden of Gethsemane, of patience, dignity, and sincerity with the trial before Pilate, of commiseration for others' woes with his address to the daughters of Jerusalem, and of forgiveness with his prayer for those who nailed him to the cross. Thus we see the tender mercies of God are over even the evils in the world, and cause them to produce results widely different from the intention of their authors. The true student of history, who beholds in it a record of God's dealings with the human race, cannot fail to be impressed with the modes in which his overseeing care has manifested itself in the affairs of men. We may look upon the power of God as connected with every change, upon his providence as presiding over the smallest event, over even the lily's growth and the sparrow's fall, upon his love as displaying itself in all that is beautiful in nature, or lovely and excellent within the soul. We may regard our heavenly Father as having an intimate personal connection with ourselves, presiding over our education, although we call the lessons which he gives us accidental, leading us by his right hand, though we do not recognize it, upholding us by his Spirit, though we are unconscious of its silent influences.

Not only does He come to us through the orderly course of nature and the constant method of general laws, but he has assigned us each our proper place, and subjected us to needful experiences. If aught has been withheld, which we have desired, it has been denied in the same spirit with which a parent takes dangerous playthings from a child, and whatever has happened to us otherwise than we had wished has been sent with a benevolent design. Revelation teaches us that God sustains a closer relation to each soul, and watches over it with greater care than any earthly parent over his child, and a calm survey of the facts of the universe brings testimony to the same great truth.

What, then, are the sentiments with which we are to regard this Being who has not only created us and given us the enjoyments and privileges of this world, but who watches with interest the struggle between good and evil which goes on within the breast, and sends his spiritual aid to every asking heart? Shall we not repose with perfect confidence in all that he appoints? Shall we not constantly cherish that spirit of submission which will prepare us for the severer exigencies of life. Realizing like our Saviour, God's connection with the world and each person in it, the universe will be but a veil that hides from us the Spirit of God as the countenance of our friend conceals while it discloses his soul. If there is an all-powerful and all-wise Being that presides over the universe, we need not, while we do our duty to-day, be anxious in respect to the morrow; we need not fret ourselves because of evil-doers, or be disheartened when our efforts are unavailing. We can behold with tranquillity our plans broken up, for we know that a wisdom higher than our own cares for us. When those dear to us depart from earth, we can soothe our grief by the thought that He who has provided for the mortal life will still watch over the soul in all the stages of its existence, and though the dark portal is veiled before us, we may still believe that it opens into a world of celestial radiance and joy. We may contentedly accept the circumstances of our lot, laboring cheerfully and diligently within its limits, and trusting that the Builder of the universe will assign our work its proper place.

The providential care of God not only calls for our trustful confidence, but demands the consecration of ourselves to him. We are under obligation to hallow our affections by fastening them upon Him who has first loved us, and shown his goodness in numberless ways. Whatever of wealth, of knowledge, of skill, influence, and energy we may have acquired, let it be sanctified by connecting it with Him who has given us our faculties, formed the materials on which they work, and established the relations in which they act. Let the spirit of a genial, unaffected piety animate us in our labors, sanctify our wishes, elevate our motives, and ennoble our aims. Thus through faith in God's presence and interest in us, and through the consecration of ourselves to him, we shall become living pillars in that temple of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone. Our souls will be in harmony with the divine will. The kingdom of heaven will be formed within our breasts, and our lives be at once an offering of thanksgiving to God, and a gift of beneficence to men.

NIGHT.

HEAVENLY is night, a miracle divine !
But loveliest is the part man sleeps away.

So almost meanly Nature doth esteem
Her very greatest things, and holiest,
That she herself gently shuts to man's eyes
From the brave sight, that so she may call forth
His sweetest life, his bliss, his dream alone,
And by and by she softly closes them
For the last time upon her majesty,
Making her highest sacrifice, — and gives
A sweeter sleep, the beauteous sleep of death.

Heavenly is night, a miracle of God !
But loveliest is the night man sleeps away.

— THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.

BY REV. JAMES D'NORMANDIE.

WE came to Brindisi on Thursday, the 7th of February, on our way over the accustomed route of winter travellers through Egypt and Palestine. All the day and night before we were in the express train from Florence, through Bologna and Ancona, and along the western shore of the Adriatic. At every station a penny bought a fresh supply of little violet bouquets from the flower-girls. The almond-trees were in blossom, outflowering from their bare, leafless branches, and in striking contrast with the dark green of the olive groves, whose gnarled trunks might have repeated the story of all the contests of the old Empire. The sirocco we had so gladly left blowing at Naples five weeks before was still in force here. The beehive hovels of the peasants were hardly superior to Indian wigwams. The town of Brindisi has not many remains of its ancient glory, — a huge marble column, and a few inscriptions, and what is called the House of Virgil, — but its commercial importance is being again felt by the Kingdom, and an Italian line of steamers from its port offers the speediest approach to Egypt, while great granite blocks for a fort are strewn around the entrance to the narrow channels of the harbor. By its name, Brundisium, few places have more classical associations, whether with the military exploits of Hannibal, Cæsar, or Pompey, or the literary fame of Cicero, Horace, and Virgil.

On Saturday morning, when we came on deck, Crete was a little to our left, with its snow-covered mountain range, and the line of vegetation as distinctly marked as the water-line along the rocks of the island shore. Nearly all day we were in sight of this land, and another island of crocodile shape, and long after everything else had disappeared the snowy peak rose out of the blue sea. In the evening the broad line of light from the new moon fell across the swelling waters, and the air was balmy and warm. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were on the steamer's bow with our glasses, to catch

the first sight of the lighthouse at the port of Alexandria, and the low, sandy coast of Africa. Around was only the great circle of the heaving sea, with one sail in the far distance, and numberless flying fish around our boat. At last the eye caught a white column rising out of the blue sea, and we went below to make our preparations for landing in Egypt. When we came up, the far-famed city was in full view, with the palace of the Pasha, the long line of windmills, the sail of every nation, in the west the sun dipping the sea, which changes to a light green as we near the harbor, and slowly make our way through the vessels at anchor, and the small boats with Arab crews, with light-colored and loose dresses, and gay turbans.

The one hundred and fourteenth Psalm begins with the words, "When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language," so that any sketches illustrative of the condition, appearances, memories, or promises of that land where our Christian faith was developed properly begin with that other land in whose schools the Fathers of the faith were trained, and there is wisdom in the common order of travel which passes over the threshold of Egypt into the house of Israel. Egypt is the "Mother Country" of Palestine as truly as England is of America; a Holy Land even herself, for the same reason that Palestine was, inasmuch as it was the refuge and home of the young child whose matured life shed such a glory around Jerusalem and Judea, and promises uplifting to the world; a land into which Abraham, a shepherd-wanderer, came to sojourn, and found an ancient government, with arts, laws, learning, and religion; a land which opened to Moses its wisdom; a land which was to nations then what Europe is to us, the storehouse of an old civilization and culture, the museum of the arts and sciences, the seat of time-honored universities attracting pupils from other lands, and sending them back with Egyptian philosophy and religion.

As soon as we dropped anchor, multitudes of light, lithe, swarthy, half-clothed forms sprang like pirates upon our vessel, and every rope seemed suddenly to have blossomed into an Arab. But far above the screaming crowd came the mem-

ories of the land, for it was the land of Cheops and the Pharaohs, of Heber and Heliopolis, and the Pyramids, of Clemens, Alexandrinus, of Euclid, of Origen, of Hypatia, and Athanasius. Just at dusk we passed through the form of a custom-house and the reality of an Arab crowd, and came to our hotel, with a row of palm-trees near by, a court with flowers and oriental plants; but the principal street with its square was a poor imitation of a Paris Boulevard,—so does the East even yield to European customs.

Over the parched, whitish, dusty soil, past an Arab village, with its noisy Indian dogs and filthy inhabitants, through an Arab cemetery, with its graves covered with mortar here and there crumbling off, and a turban cut in stone for a head-piece over every one, and rough sketches of the aloe-tree painted in red or yellow, we went early the next morning to Pompey's Pillar. This granite column of huge proportions was once one of a long colonnade forming the front of a vast temple at a time when Alexandria was hardly inferior to imperial Rome in size or magnificence. One by one these columns have yielded to the sea or the devastations of conquerors, until only this remains. From the slight elevation on which it stands there is not much to attract the eye. The lighthouse, the first object seen as one enters the harbor, is believed to occupy the same place as the one which at the time of the city's greatest prosperity was counted among the seven wonders of the world, built of white marble, with the inscription, "King Ptolemy to the Saviour Gods, for the help of those who travel by sea." The story runs, that years after its erection it was found this inscription, with the name of the king, had been put on in stucco work, while in the solid marble the architect had put his own name, which appeared as the other wore away. When we saw the poor building standing where stood the former magnificent one, we were compelled to begin a series of most unfavorable comparisons between the present degradation and former glory of these lands, which never ceased during our journeyings in the East.

The Alexandria of to-day has, however, little to interest one amidst the pressure of its memories. There the past over-

whelms the present, nay, is rather most present. What a wealth of history gathers around this solitary column, which, like an old man outliving all his friendships, tells only of the old times. Somewhere near it Aristotle walked under the portico of the temple, and taught his pupils; here was the Academy which Alexander founded with the city; here was the library in which was gathered a copy of every known book, to increase the number of whose volumes books were seized all over the world, and copies sent back, while the originals were retained, all of which were burned, as is supposed, by the command of Omar, a Caliph to whom is attributed that remarkable sentence of profound ignorance, "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the word of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Here the Scriptures were first published to other nations by that translation known as the Septuagint; here the Greek philosophy was introduced from Athens, and entered largely into the teachings of the Christian Fathers; here the genius, beauty, wit, and eloquence of Hypatia founded a new school of philosophy; here Athanasius lived, and hence went to the Council of Nice, where by his vast learning, and great knowledge of human nature, and unrestrained subtlety, he gained the victory over Arius; here Origen was born, and, greatest among the early Fathers of the Church, here Clemens became, Bunsen says, "the first Christian philosopher of the history of mankind," and taught that the inspiration of the Gentiles was from the same all-pervading Spirit of God, and that the Word of God, manifested in its fulness in Jesus Christ, had been manifested as well in the lives of all holy men,—of Pythagoras as well as Moses, of Socrates as well as of Isaiah. (Christianity and Mankind, 2d Eng. Ed. Vol. 1, p. 237.) What a lesson of humility does that column teach us, as it stands so lonely by the ever-gaining sea! Forgotten are the disputes of the philosophers. Is the world richer, or rather poorer in spiritual life, for the controversy of Athanasius and Arius? And now only a sand-hill and an Arab cemetery burying them all in common forgetfulness.

Not far from the seat of the ancient Academy we found an Arab Academy in session. An old man, blind in one eye, sat, with a long reed-rod, near the door, while as many children as could sit in Turkish custom, cross-legged on the floor, were shouting passages from the Koran, this one book embracing their course of text-books, and combining reader, speller, arithmetic, grammar, and philosophy. At our approach the children sprang up and called loudly for "back-sheesh."

From Alexandria we went to Cairo by railway. Already, traveller-like, we had begun to be accustomed to the sights or sounds, each one of which had so much interest at first, indeed, which never lost their interest, but which we forgot to note down as strange to others, — the climate with its rare softness and exhilaration, not unlike some hours in our fairest and mildest September days; the mud-hovels of the Arabs, not unlike great beehives or Dutch ovens; the water-wheels turned by buffaloes, and with earthen jars bound on their rims, so that by the revolutions the little cups of water, as they were emptied, turned a trickling stream among the gardens; the various costumes of the half-clothed but evidently well-fed population; the water-carriers, if women, with their large earthen jars on their heads, giving them an erect and graceful carriage, if men, with the large skins bound to their backs; the soft and stately step of the ever-groaning camel; the quick, ambling pace of the little donkeys, with their screaming attendants; the out-runners to all carriages; the morning concerts of the birds; the tuft-crowned palms; the deep, deep green of the Nile valley. There was very little on our way to Cairo wherefore we should desire a slower route, — here and there a mosque, with its white dome and graceful minaret; here and there the white tomb of some Arab skeik in wigwam shape; here and there a village of mud houses; here and there the flight of some wild birds; here and there a few buffaloes, or the faint type of a caravan winding over the green plain. It was a strange emotion — an emotion I still feel as I think of it — to see from the window of the railway carriages, as we approached Cairo, the great Pyramid in so solitary

grandeur rise from its desert-bed, while as the Memnon statue it seemed to whisper the words, "Before Abraham was I am."

We found Cairo the second city in population in the Turkish Empire, and a city of truly Oriental appearance. The costumes and customs of the citizens are of unwearying interest to a stranger. The bazaars — with a carpeted seat in front, and an Arab in one corner lazily smoking his nargile, a vase-like pipe with a long serpentine tube, the smoke being drawn through water — offered a gorgeous display of Eastern goods, and a tempting show of Eastern fruits. The streets are narrow, uneven, and dusty, save here and there where they are watered by men carrying the large water-skins on their backs, and holding the orifice with their left hand; others with the same vessels are giving lemonade and drinks to the thirsty, with a lemon, or whatever it may be, as a sign of the drink. Long lines of camels, tied together by a rope and led by a donkey, bear the chief part of the merchandise, stones, or other building material, from place to place. Here will be one with heavy bags of stone hanging on either side, here another with great baskets of fruit, here another with the furniture and possessions of a whole household piled high on his back. In but few streets can carriages be driven, but in these they are driven utterly reckless of foot-passengers, and when the loud crack of the out-runners is heard, one must care for himself as best he can. Not unfrequently branches and leaves of the palm-tree are laid as a covering from the roofs of the houses, so that the street becomes a long and cool arcade. One evening we wandered through these streets when the tumult of the day was over. Here and there a camel with its velvet tread, now and then a carriage with some dignitary and his out-runners, occasionally a citizen or stranger with his variegated paper lantern, here and there a watchman asleep on his sabre, while the fair moonlight fell so kindly over the dirty city, turning its defects into graces, and the starry sky seen between the patches of the palm roofs, was rich in the suggestions of most peaceful thoughts of rest. A city in the hours of its business, what confusion, what tumult,

* what heedlessness, what heartlessness, what unnatural energy, what strange comminglings, — but a city asleep, what a strange calm, what feverish dreams, what cold ambitions have paused awhile, what schemes and hopes far sundered as the poles, are by a thin partition wall divided!

In Cairo is a large public garden, a park planted with shrubbery and acacia-trees, where one may see the tents which have just been brought back, or are ready to go into the desert, Syria or Palestine; the smokers sitting listlessly around with their coffee-cups and nargiles by their side; and that variety of life which entices and excites, and amuses one more and more each hour. In the first experiences of this Oriental life two or three traits and apparent inconsistencies of the inhabitants particularly struck me, — their great indolence, for they will sit hour after hour, cross-legged, on the floor, hardly raising their eyes whatever be the excitement; yet such is their curiosity, they crowd around the stranger, and peer into his tent-door, and watch his every movement, and no nation in the world has shown itself capable of being aroused to greater energy or more superhuman activity, — the utter apathy of the tradesmen in showing or selling their wares, and yet no Jews are more avaricious or eager in the pursuit of wealth. Withal there was their utter indifference to the chances and changes, the dangers and calamities of life. Whether we call it fatalism or resignation, the religion of the Turks has had a powerful effect in making them bear patiently the burden of life, and there has never been known an instance of a Turk or Arab going mad from desperation arising from misfortune; never an instance, in Egypt or Turkey, of one taking his own life to escape the responsibility or mystery of living; but at the occurrence of any or every calamity they say simply this, "God is great." (Madden's *Travels in Turkey*. Vol. 1, p. 316.) The honor of the Arabs among themselves seems unknown among Christian nations. No matter how valuable the goods may be, when the hour for prayer comes, no one hesitates to leave his shop and go off to the mosque, merely drawing a net loosely over the open front of the shop, which is no protection, only a signification

that the owner is at worship; or, with a steadfastness of devotion quite unusual even among Roman Catholics, the follower of Mohammed, indifferent to the noises of the street, or the opportunity of selling, turns his back upon his customers and wares, turns his face towards Mecca, bows himself to the earth, and repeats his prayers. We once had occasion to go to a money-changer in Cairo. We went to the one our directions named, passing several of the class in their small, square rooms, with space enough for an iron safe to stand and a Jew broker to sit. The Jews seem to have been appointed to develop, not only the purest monotheistic faith, but as well the most corrupt money-trading spirit of the world. In a small recess between two buildings we found an old table, on which was a money-chest, and behind it a chair; but our broker was at dinner or at prayers, his bank intrusted to the public keeping. It is more than probable that in just such narrow and dirty streets, among such people, Jesus walked, and "poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables." The illustrations of scriptural passages had already begun to present themselves. The greatest attraction of this Oriental city is the Pasha's garden at Shoo-bra. The avenue from the city, for three or four miles, is lined on either side by splendid acacia-trees, with the Nile on the left as one drives out to it, and now and then the puff of a steamboat on the ancient river. The country seemed so uncared for that, by contrast, the garden, which would be regarded with little interest in Europe, here was beautiful. Through long walks, and by beds of tropical plants and trees, we came to the fountain and kiosks of the King of Egypt. Everything was luxuriously Oriental, and one of the apartments would compare favorably with any palace in Europe. Around the great marble basin, with the fountain in the centre, and numberless jets, doors open into the rooms of the pavilion-palace, and it is easy to see in what enervating luxury one could live.

The sacred memories of Egypt connected with Hebrew history cluster around a solitary column or obelisk standing a few miles beyond the city. Among the remains and curi-

osities of antiquity in Paris or in Rome, one turns with intense interest to the obelisks in the Place de la Concorde, and at the Vatican and the Lateran, and at the Porta del Popolo, brought from their native land by Cæsar or Napoleon, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics ; but on a plain six miles from Cairo still stands one, with which these were once companions, and there it has stood and withstood and watched the changes of time for more than four thousand years.

Heliopolis was to ancient Egypt what Athens was to Greece, or Oxford and Cambridge are to England, — the sea of learning, and the attraction of the studious from all lands, perhaps the oldest university city of the world. Here Solon, the Grecian lawgiver, and Thales, one of the wise men, and Plato, the philosopher, were students. Here Joseph, the Hebrew, raised to high rank among the Egyptian princes, came and married Asenath, the daughter of one of the high-priests in the great Temple of the Sun, and, most important of all, as bearing upon the world's history, here Moses came and was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptian priests, and Homer says that even Jupiter himself departed from his Olympian home a little while each year to visit this remote and accomplished people. Perhaps the Rosetta stone, the prize of the London Museum, which has been the key, as it were, to all the hieroglyphics, may be the means of revealing certain dates which shall yet lead back the world's records far beyond any supposed year, but now the world's history fairly begins the unbroken line to the present, when the Hebrew lawgiver, trained in the university at Heliopolis under Egyptian priests, led forth his nation under the guidance of Jehovah, and to be themselves a peculiar people. In addition to these historical and traditional associations, the legends of the Phœnix cluster around this ancient city of the sun, — legends which became a part of Roman history and of Christian traditions and emblems, and a fund of poetical illustrations for all writers, and never will they cease to be the type of all new life rising from the ashes of the old.

One of the most fruitful subjects upon which the old painters employed themselves is that of the flight into Egypt. In

almost every art gallery, and with every variety of conception and execution, these paintings are found. I call to mind now one at the Louvre, which was deeply interesting from its suggestion and inspiration of perfect rest. The infant Jesus sits in Mary's lap while Joseph leads the ass to a river's brink. With that natural blending of heaven and earth, the angelic and the mortal, which marks this era of art, two angels, kneeling in homage, offer fruit and flowers, while other angels in the clouds bear baskets of celestial fruits, just ripened in heavenly climes, to the child of promise. The holy family, — the artists are right when they give to these pictures the look of tranquil repose, — the holy family, and that only, but that always, is the happy family to which the spirits of heaven make haste to bring their gifts; and now we were at the place tradition makes the sojourn of the holy family. In an old Coptic church at old Cairo we saw three recesses, or niches in the walls where the over-credulous traveller is to fancy the three members of the family sat, making for themselves, by the wishing, seats in the solid rock; and near the city they show what we thought it not worth the walk to see all covered with the names of pilgrims cut into the trunk, the veritable fig-tree under whose branches the family sat; so does the necessity of pointing out exact localities press upon us.

Every form of religion must have its branch of austere professors or mystics, who make contemplation, or the torture of the body, or the unnatural humiliation of the spirit, or a disgust for society, the prominent feature of their worship. As the Essenes among the Jews, the hermits of the early years of Christianity, the orders of monastic life, the quietists, — so among the Mohammedans we find the various orders of Dervises. We went one afternoon to see their religious services. After waiting some time in a room with galleries around it, and a large circle in the centre separated from the spectators by a railing, perhaps a dozen of the order entered the circle, and one as a leader took his place by a cushion, the others around him. Presently they began to walk by this leader, making numberless prostrations as they passed; the

walk soon turned into a whirling dance, in which they all engaged, with monotonous music, the face turned upwards, the eyes shut, the arms outstretched, the motions growing more and more violent, until, in utter exhaustion, the body sinks to the floor. Sometimes they practise all manner of self-torture, in public; and thus the Dervises think to serve and worship God, and spend acceptably a life given for the divinest uses.

By far the best view of Cairo is from the citadel, where, on a slight rise of ground, are the defences of the city. It was from the walls here that the last chief of the Mamelukes made the great leap when escaping alone from the massacre of his followers. At this point the vast city stretches out below and around you, with all its uncleanness hidden by distance, and the beauty remaining. One sees the graceful minarets without number, and hears by chance the call to prayers; the arches of the aqueduct bearing water from the Nile to the citadel; the light, sand-brown color of the houses broken by the bright, green tufts of the palm-trees; the tombs of the Caliphs; the desolate and unadorned cemeteries among the sand; far off the Nile loses its muddy tinge, while it creates and sustains the wide valley of fairest green on either side; still farther the green turns into the boundless desert, at the border of which the tombs of the Pharaohs, which have guarded the ashes of the dead, and gained the admiration of the living longer than any monuments upon earth, lift their pyramidal masses, mountain-like, out of the sand.

(To be continued.)

I ENVY no quality of mind or intellect in others, — be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and a belief most useful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, breathes new hopes, varnishes and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the garden of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair. — SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

Poor trembling lamb ! Ah, who outside the fold
 Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art ?
 Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold,
 Creeping and gnawing to thine inmost heart.
 Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
 Thou knowest not what,— perchance may never know,—
 Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
 And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
 Of love and faith ; and change to warmth and light
 The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night ?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait ?
 Behold, " the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."
 The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
 And in his love would lead thee gently home.
 Why shouldst thou wait ? Long centuries ago,
 Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
 Thou art his own. Wou ldst thou his beauty know,
 Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see ?
 Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive,
 " More blest are they who see not, yet believe."

Still dost thou wait for feeling ? Dost thou say,
 " Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead ;
 I have no faith, and without faith who may
 Rest in the blessing which is only shed
 Upon the faithful ? I must stand and wait."
 Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
 Faith in thy faith, but only faith in him ;
 And this he meant in saying, " Come to me."
 In light or darkness seek to do his will,
 And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

— LIVING AGE.

DISCUSSION AN AID TO FAITH.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

AMID the earnest thought on the questions of the day, we have a right wing and a left wing, and some incline now to the one and now to the other. They hesitate on which side to take a public stand, and many cannot, in the honesty of their own minds and hearts, decide where they really belong.

In this dilemma, we often hear it said, "Why, then, agitate these perplexing questions of theological science and biblical interpretation? Why not, if we really differ, agree to differ, and hereafter forever hold our peace? There are great practical works about which we can have no dispute; let us drop these fruitless discussions and unite in them."

But, unhappily for this view, we have no power to silence discussion. Great questions are up for debate in the theological world, which we cannot lay on the table by a vote. The members of a church may, by common consent, for the sake of an outward and apparent harmony, agree not to discuss these questions at any of their meetings. But they cannot keep the individual minds from thinking upon them; nor can they, for a long period, prevent their springing up in private conversation. A candidate for settlement in the ministry, pursuing this policy, may strive to conceal his sentiments, and perhaps succeed in it, until he receives a call, accepts it, and is ordained. But, sure as time passes, the day will come when his true opinions will crop out in his conversation, and ere long in his sermons, and he will find he has sown the wind only to reap the whirlwind.

As a mere matter of policy, I cannot believe it is wise to attempt in any way to suppress one's convictions on so important a matter. An open, manly expression of them is more respected in the community than double dealing and subterfuges, and attempts to be on two sides at once. It is more respected than the pretence, for the sake of popularity, or even for a constrained peace and harmony, of being on no

side at all. I believe the best course in the end is an honest avowal of our own convictions, and, when called for by the times, a full and fair discussion of every point at issue.

But the questions which now agitate the religious world are not easy of solution. They require a breadth of learning, a comprehensive and at the same time acute and discriminating mind, to do them full justice. And yet we may receive some light upon them from intellects of a grade lower than our own; and we are to recollect that, if such offer any arguments whatever for our consideration, honestly and earnestly, they should be met with argument, and not with a sneer.

In deciding between the claims of conflicting views, it is not to be assumed that reason is wholly on the one side or the other. The conservative is as much entitled as the radical to the name of rationalist. If I advocate the doctrine of the superhuman origin of Christianity, it by no means follows that, in doing it, I discard the office and functions of reason. It is just as reasonable to believe that God once interposed in the ordinary and apparent course of nature, for the sake of revealing his will to man, as that he originally created him. The only legitimate inquiry here is, did an occasion arise worthy of his interposition? To assume that no such exigency ever did arise, or ever could have arisen, is clearly irrational. It is to assume that we finite beings know the whole power of nature and of the Infinite Being, and can say beforehand what he can and what he cannot do.

True, we are required to weigh well each case, and never admit a superhuman cause of an event so long as it can be explained by human agencies. But where such explanations fail, and the occasion demands a higher power, it is reasonable to believe in its presence and operation. One of the representatives of a modern school says, "We resort to the pure import of Reason, — bringing a significance to outward nature, instead of deriving one from it." If I comprehend this position, it begins by taking for granted what the pure import of Reason is, and all it can accomplish, and in so doing makes it competent to interpret the entire significance of

nature, and to determine its whole province and the limit of its powers. In this way only can I understand how we are to derive nothing from nature. Suppose, in the progress of scientific investigation, it should be discovered that provision had actually been made in the universe for an order of events which we now call supernatural. That, under certain circumstances, there could be revealed to man the exercise of a law, not contrary to nature, but above its hitherto known manifestations. How are we to treat this disclosure? According to the above principle, here is a significance we do not bring to nature, but have derived afresh from it, something, in that sense, above nature and *to us* supernatural. Would the belief in such a disclosure and in the consequences of it, whatever they might be, however strange and contrary to our observation and experience, conflict with "the pure import of Reason"?

Said one recently, who calls himself eminently a rationalist, "I will not believe anything I cannot understand." Is this reasonable? Are we to attain a true religion by following out this principle? Most certainly our friend must, in all consistency, have rejected many things in modern science, acknowledged to be facts, and yet, up to a recent date, unexplained by the strongest minds. That the earth moved around the sun, was, in one sense, a supernatural fact to those who lived before the time of Galileo. Indeed, so marvellous are the disclosures made in this age throughout the material universe, that it is never safe to say, "I will believe nothing I cannot understand." You may, for example, deny the explanation of what is now daily manifested under the name of spiritualism, as given by its friends, but you cannot rationally deny the facts, or that they are extraordinary, and to the philosopher as yet entirely inexplicable.

And in the realm of pure intellect we have comparatively few ideas of which we can affirm that we understand them in their inception, in all their relations, their entireness, and their termination. Nor will it serve our purpose to flout all mysteries. For, even if we discard the superhuman element from the Christian religion, we find ourselves still begirt with

and enveloped in mysteries,—that is, in things beyond the grasp of the understanding. To contend that there can be no such thing as God's working a miracle, does not relieve us of all difficulties on the subject of religion. You say that God works always by uniform laws, which can include nothing to us exceptional and apparently supernatural, and that nature proceeds on the same eternal level, and one whose principle is within our full comprehension. Is it so? Explain, then, to me the nature of God, his self-existence, omniscience, omnipotence, or any one of his attributes. Show me the connection between mind and body, how they act and interact upon each other. Clear up for me this deep mystery of the vital principle. What is life? How originated? and on what ultimately dependent? Until these, and all similar problems are solved, it will not do to dismiss from your theology or Christology everything to you incomprehensible, with the plea, "I will believe nothing I cannot understand."

Besides, the position referred to supposes man to be constituted of intellect alone. It makes the critical faculty his whole nature. It leaves out in this connection his moral and spiritual powers; or, at most, it gives them only a subordinate rank among his essential qualities. It extinguishes the authority of conscience, overlays the affections, contravenes the spiritual sentiments, and, in its legitimate and ultimate effects, it stultifies and suppresses the great principle of faith.

As between the human and superhuman, we are thus left to the domination of the pure intellect. Reason exalts itself to the highest seat in our nature; and faith is allowed to occupy no position where it would recognize a special revelation from God. In the recent words of a professed champion of rationalism, there is henceforth to be a "faith, not in the old stories of the Old or New Testament, but in the ordinary processes of history, of psychology, of anthropology, and all scientific, all vital, and substantial truth."

But what human being is thus to limit the province of faith? There are questions in the domain of psychology, anthropology, and all scientific truth, just as difficult to settle as these

in the Old and New Testaments. If we are hereafter to have no faith in "the old stories" of the Bible, where we cannot understand them, or reconcile every part and particle of them with our finite powers, then we ought to have no faith in any statement of psychology, if it perplexes our own minds. Fact is fact, whether set forth in the Bible or the realm of nature, and none the less so because we cannot penetrate its hidden qualities, nor comprehend as yet its consistency with what we now know. The true scientific explorer does not deny a fact because he cannot yet discover its harmony with any great principle within his knowledge; often where he cannot see, he still believes, he exercises his faith.

Leverrier found, in his astronomical observations, that the planet Uranus was subject to perturbations that could not be explained by the attraction of any known body in the heavens. But he had faith in a future discovery of some new planet which produced and would explain these perturbations. In due time his faith was turned into sight, and the new planet beamed on his delighted vision. This is the spirit we should carry to our investigations of the Bible. We are not at once to deny the reality of every strange and perturbing statement in that book, and call it a myth, legend, or illusion. The scientific course is to inquire whether in the character of Christ, and the stupendous movement manifested in his works, there might not have existed the perturbation we call miracle, an influence to be explained only on the theory of the action upon and in him of some undiscovered power.

Before we throw away everything of this kind in the Bible alleged to be superhuman, let us imitate the explorer of nature, and believe that, in some stage of our being, we, too, may yet reach with joy a solution of many perturbing difficulties in the historical records. We have a right to require evidence of the reality of all alleged facts, and here, as everywhere else, there is no conflict between reason and science. It is just as rational to believe an extraordinary fact in religion as it is in science. The point is not, whether what has occurred is new, strange, and apparently anomalous, or not. It is

simply this: did it really take place? We are to open our minds to evidence on that single question alone. Because a thing appears inexplicable or contradictory to what we as yet know, we have no right to reject all testimony as to its reality. Nor yet have we a right to demand a kind of evidence which the nature of the subject forbids. There is a spiritual law as truly as there is a physical law. In demonstrating a truth of astronomy, he would be thought no philosopher who should adduce all his arguments from the science of psychology. It is equally inconsistent to require any truth or fact of religion to be demonstrated on material principles, instead of employing what belongs to the subject, and giving supreme authority to spiritual principles.

The doctrine here laid down applies directly to the present issue. In the first place, we are to keep clear of all assumptions. It is becoming common, in every case of apparent discrepancy between nature and revelation, to assume that revelation must give way. We have always two alternatives in such cases. First, to consider whether we may not have wrongly investigated or interpreted the phenomena of nature; secondly, whether the supposed statement of the Scriptures may not have been a perversion of facts by the writer. Now, the rationalist has no right to say, "Of course I understand all the laws and all the possible phenomena of nature, and therefore I know a revelation involving miracle to be impossible; and of course the narrator of such events is at once to be discredited." The supernaturalist may, with equal justice, assume that the Scripture writer is correct in his statement, and the expositor of nature is in error, and that he must bow to the scriptural authority. Assumption is unjustifiable in either case.

In these apparent conflicts we are very apt to conclude science is always to bear rule, and physical nature to be supreme over spiritual nature. Such is the materialistic tendency of the age, that some deny that we have any faculties which can deal with spiritual things. There are those who even contend, as one said not long since, that "the soul is only gas or some other chemical principle." But a true phi-

losophy does not begin by stultifying the very faculty we are to employ in our highest investigations. If the soul is to be distrusted, then we may as well cease to exercise any of our nobler powers, and take our place with the brute creation.

In contrast with such debasing views, it is to be noticed that even physical science is giving testimony in our day to the superhuman element in the Scriptures, and to its miraculous displays. Prof. Agassiz affirms that there are traces of the distinct origin of different races of animals in various portions of the globe. Each new act of creation must have been a miracle, — that is, a special exercise of divine power at a given moment. In his late work on Brazil, he gives us fresh evidence of the fallacy of the development theory of Darwin. The origin of animals by development was impossible, he says, because, "however far we go back, there must have been a time when they had no ancestors." He speaks, too, throughout his writings, of creation as disclosing "the thoughts of God." But a being who thinks must be free; and if free, then he has the power to work what we call a miracle, — that is, to introduce an exhibition of his power to *us* supernatural, not a violation of nature, according to the old theory of miracle, but doubtless in accordance with some high, but uniform law as yet unknown to us.

But, if this be true, we are not driven to take the ground of Strauss, and interpret all the wonder-works of the Bible as legends and "myths." History is not compelled to give way to nature; there is, in reality, no conflict between them. Christianity is not opposed to her stubborn facts, but science and religion may go hand in hand down the illimitable ages. Allow God to be his own interpreter, wait patiently for his disclosures of the method and principles of his action, so far as they are comprehensible by man, and he may yet make plain his higher law. Then we shall see that faith and reason are one in religion.

A belief in miracle is in this light entirely rational; and, so far from the alleged wonderful works of the Bible being impossibilities, we shall find they are both possible and probable, nay, that they are essential to the validity of the record; and

that we cannot eliminate the element of miracle from the biography of Christ, and leave that, what it now is, a credible production. When we take that element entirely away, the record falls to pieces. Take the language of Christ concerning himself literally, and it implies that he had a special relation to God. "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." This language, on the naturalistic theory, is arrogant and offensive, or at best it is incomprehensible, and cannot be regarded as historically true. If he was divine in a peculiar sense, the language is rational and proper, and the integrity of the record is saved.

It is customary to say in these days, Christ was a mere man, constituted precisely as we are. "He only," to quote the words of Strauss, "became more conscious of man's true nature." But whence came this extraordinary consciousness of man's nature? He had not, like Paul, sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and been trained in the learning of the schools. How did it happen that this man, who had "never learned letters," and studied Greek authors, was so accomplished in all the "humanities" of ancient Greece? "He read the Old Scriptures," it is affirmed, "in a new spirit, and told the bigoted Jews, his countrymen, that the heathen would sit down with their boasted Father Abraham in the kingdom of heaven." Whence did he derive this, for the times, amazing conception? It will not explain the phenomenon to say that "he had an unerring common sense." Something beyond that was essential to such mental comprehensiveness and originality. His unchallenged piety, his oneness with God, cannot be ascribed to the superior "devoutness of the Hebrew race." They never, like Christ, rose, as a people, to the sublime truth, promulgated by him, "God is a Spirit." Of his universal Fatherhood, that familiar and fundamental truth announced and made credible by Christ, they never, as a race, had the faintest comprehension. Their God was a friend of the Jew, and the enemy of all beyond him. But that Jesus Christ should inculcate this great truth, was rational, and in entire harmony with his own broad and divine character.

It was reasonable, under the circumstances, that Christ should

have wrought the miracles ascribed to him. Whatever abatement may be made from the validity of the record on good grounds, the recent assumption that his miracles can all be explained away under two heads, seems to me monstrous. First, it is said that part of them were merely natural occurrences; and secondly, the larger part of the remainder were only *attempts* to satisfy the popular demand for such exhibitions. The rest were put into the record by subsequent writers, to give fame and glory to Christ!

How are we to decide what proportion of them were merely natural transactions? Was the feeding of the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes of this class? Did Christ still the tempest on the Galilean sea by some natural process? And, above all, by what natural means did he raise the dead? And what are we to think of the recent hypothesis that the New Testament is full of intentional misrepresentations of truth and fact, such as attempts to pass off fictitious narratives of miracles and other remarkable events for real history, and interpolations of professed prophecies in the record after the occurrence of events said to be predicted?

The account given by Renan of the method of the pretended raising of Lazarus, is, to use the mildest language, most irrational. To suppose that one so pure as all admit Jesus to have been would or could have lent himself to the phantasm of pretending to raise the dead by a kind of legerdemain, is monstrous. To say that Lazarus had only swooned, and, after lying four days in a close tomb, heard the voice of Christ calling him to come forth, and to be a partner, too, in such an act of deception, is as flagrant a violation of reason as it is of justice to the elevated and single-hearted Jesus.

If fabrications of the record had taken place, it must have been, at farthest, within a century after the death of Christ, when the testimony of personal witnesses of his acts or those of his apostles, at least, was still fresh in the memory of those who must have known of the fabrications. Had these persons been Christians, they would at once, for the honor of their religion, have exposed the deception; and had they been

not Christians, but opponents of Christianity, they could and would have easily overthrown a religion based on such vitiated and spurious records.

But, supposing the mind of the inquirer to be settled on the point of biblical interpretation; and suppose, farther, that he is convinced of the supernatural origin of Christianity, and takes Christ as his Lord and Master, what next? He may still hesitate about taking a stand in defence of these views.

"When I ask myself," you will hear it said, "where *I* shall go, although I have a firm faith in the special mission of Christ, I do not like to take that ground openly, and condemn those who differ from me; I want to be liberal to every one." This is a good spirit; our religion makes charity a fundamental quality. But charity is by no means indifference to the truth or to its earnest propagation. I may love my neighbor, and yet believe him to hold serious and hurtful errors. If I think I see those errors distinctly, I am bound, be my influence large or small, to state my convictions to others. To imagine I cannot do this without occasioning more harm than good, is to believe it impossible, in the words of the Apostle Paul, to "speak the truth in love."

Besides, who is to assume that the illiberality, in the discussion of a great issue like this, is all on one side? It is no more illiberal to call one a "radical," especially if those who think with him take this name themselves, than it is to say of one who is not a radical that he is narrow-minded, a bundle of prejudices, or an old man who cannot keep up with the times. There are bigots in all parties and sects; and the true way to rise above bigotry is simply to try to do justice to those who differ from you. It is by no means essential to our liberality that we should withhold our own opinions, lest some one should call us by an unpopular epithet. We ought to love those who differ materially from us in their faith, and to associate with them in kindness. We are bound to allow that they may be as honest as we are, and that they have a clear right to express their views, honestly and with reverence, the same right as we have to express ours. But all this does not compel us to stifle our own views and feelings in

regard to Christ and the truth, nor to profess to believe, or appear to believe, if we can avoid it, what we really do not believe, merely through the fear of being called illiberal.

It does not seem to me illiberal, or inconsistent with the best spirit, to maintain that the name Christian does not belong to the whole world, or to every one who may possibly claim it. You would not give it to a known atheist, even though, for whatever reasons, he should ask it of you. Extend, as you will, the breadth of the Christian Church, it must have some limits. There is no association of believers or class of religionists which includes everybody. The very name of Christian Church implies some restrictions and boundaries. Am I to concede the Christian name to a follower of Mohammed, even though, for the sake of respectability or gain, he claims it? Shall I say that a Jew, who rejects Jesus Christ, and does not believe he has yet come, may take, for some secular or personal end, the name of Christian? "Certainly," it may be replied, "allow him the name; let everybody have it who wants it. If one is only a good man, that is all we have a right to require." But suppose the Mohammedan or the Jew for motives known only to himself, should desire to take charge of a Christian society of which you are a member. He may be a good man, perhaps, a devout man, really religious in his way, and, so far as you can see, in general of unexceptionable character. You would at once say, "Although he may feel justified in asking my vote, I cannot in conscience give it to him. He does not believe in Christ; he does not take him for his Master; and that, to my mind, is essential to a Christian minister and essential to a Christian in the New Testament sense of the word." Is it illiberal to take this position?

We cannot easily exchange situations in our mind with another, and I may misjudge my brethren who differ from me, and not represent them fairly. But it does now appear to me that if I did not regard Christ as my Lord and Master; if I thought that "he was fettered by the superstitions of his time and nation, many of which he shared, and that "the true Jesus would be *not* without sin," I should not desire to take

his name. If in my heart of hearts I held him to be a mere man, and by no means faultless, but one whom I or some other man can yet rival, and perhaps surpass, why should I desire to be called one of his followers, — that is, a Christian?

I honor every one who, with the views of Christ I describe, relinquishes his name. Francis Newman has done this, and for three distinct reasons. He says, first, "If I call myself a Christian, I shall profess to be a submissive and reverential disciple of Christ. I am not, and cannot be this.

"Second, Disowning the name, I purge myself of Christian guilt. I meet Jew, Mohammedan, and Indian as having equal claims, and on a common and neutral platform.

"Third, The Gospel of John is an historical romance. And we must quite *disown the Gospels*, or admit that Jesus regarded men as impious who did not bow before him as an authoritative teacher."

This course is open, manly, and consistent. If one believes or disbelieves with Newman, why should he not publicly avow it?

A recent rationalistic speaker said, as reported, "Whatever noble significance may be put upon the word Christian, yet where any body of men accept it as a bond of union, or even where any man accepts it as a personal distinction, the body weakens itself, or the individual sacrifices his strength." The moment we take Christ's name, we cease to spend our lives in simply being *men*, and try to find some equivocations, some *knot-hole* by which we may creep into manhood, and claim to be technically Christian at the same time." Now, if all these evils come from bearing the Christian name; if the Church "weakens itself" by honoring Christ, and so imbibing his spirit as lovingly and joyfully to take him for an authoritative guide, then it will be wise in all who deny him this position, to disown his name. He who is conscious that he is "sacrificing his strength" in proportion as he honors Christ, ought to leave him and give up his name; and, since we all crave leaders, let him take Plato or Parker, or any other man he may choose, as his standard-bearer. Assuredly, no honest mind and heart can consent to be called after Christ when it

leads him knowingly to palter with his conscience, practise all manner of equivocations and subterfuges, and abdicate his "manhood" for the sake of being "technically a Christian."

I rejoice at every instance of a renunciation of the Christian name by such as have no confidence in "a permanent Christ." It is refreshing to read the language of one of our recent ministers, whose integrity and honesty none can question, and who, if character alone, independently of any faith whatever in Christ, makes one a Christian, ought to have still retained the ancient name. "I regard," says he, "the doctrine of a Messiahship as in any sense a superstition of the times. The pretence that any man has been singled out to be a permanent Christ, Messiah, or Mediator to his fellow-beings, is to me monstrous. Henceforth I claim to be neither a Unitarian nor a Christian, but simply a Theist. In resigning the name Unitarian and Christian, I do so with a full knowledge of the grave, practical consequences that must ensue." A noble example; may it be speedily followed by all—and a great company we are told they now are—who sympathize with our friend in his theology and Christology. Such consistency must be "the immediate jewel" of a mind conscious of having been long fettered and burdened by a name from which it has at length come into a free and full emancipation.

TOWERING above the clouds, I see
 The golden palace of my God,
 Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
 Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
 How can I in those courts appear,
 Without a wedding garment on?
 Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
 Conduct me to thy glorious throne,
 And clothe me with thy robes of light,
 And lead me through sin's darksome night,
 My Saviour and my God.

—RUSSIAN POETRY.

HERBERT SPENCER AND THEOLOGY.

"In the theological world there are two great schools, — one that teaches that God is unknowable, and the other that teaches that God is knowable." — HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WE can pardon an untrue statement, when it is made by one whose perception of truth is not clear and fine; we can also pardon one whose love of one side of truth is so intense that he cannot see the other side; but for one who is capable of the most delicate discrimination not only between truth and error, but between the most faintly-varying shades of truth, and who cannot be excused on the score of bigotry, we have no forgiveness when he makes a statement like that quoted above.

We have never heard of a theological school which teaches that God is unknowable. But we know a writer who studies carefully and reverently the processes of life, who, having gained at least a glimpse of the law which prevails in all life and in all work, is now trying, humbly and faithfully, to open our minds, that we also may see this uniting, harmonizing, governing law.

This writer, — Mr. Herbert Spencer, — in studying life from the scientific side, has given to the term unknowable such clear significance, as designating the limit of human knowledge, that we cannot help associating him with its use, and protesting against its misuse. He reports to us what Science reveals to him. She leads, and he calls us to follow, so near to the domain of spiritual truth, that at first, having honestly followed, step by step, we shrink back with wonder and awe. We fear that we are going too far, and are seeking to unravel the sacred mysteries of Being, which mortals may not try to explain.

And here, if we are shallow thinkers, if our religion is a religion of words, if we believe in nothing that transcends the sphere of human knowledge, we may stop, and flippantly avow that, because Science, with eyes cast down, and her finger on her lips, calls this wonderful force of nature, which forbids her attempt to analyze or explain, unknowable, that

the childlike soul, dwelling in the region of faith, in the sphere of spirit, is deceived in its recognition of a spiritual Being, whom it knows as the heavenly Father.

But if we have the true spirit of the man of science, or if we have the true spirit of the religious man, especially if we have the faithfulness which belongs to both, such will not be our conclusion.

We heard one of the former class, alluding to his exclusion from a professorial chair, for which he had been proposed as candidate, and which he was qualified to fill, on account of statements honestly made in public, which seemed to conflict with the Bible history, say that "there was no place in science for opinion, — what one found to be true, one reported. To see, and to tell what one saw, without fear or thought of consequence, was the business of the scientific teacher. But science and faith were on different planes. His spiritual faith was of infinitely more consequence to him than all natural science, but in the interest of faith he could not sacrifice the truth of science."

And such men — brave, simple, childlike, with a reverence for the hidden force of nature like that of the Hebrew for Jehovah, so that they hardly dare to use a name even for this unknown force, — unknown to them as scientific students, except in its results, but more sacred to them than it is to us, because it means so much more — we carelessly denounce as Infidels, as overturners of Religion.

Surely, if we have a living faith, this region of the unknowable, beyond the ken of scientific research, will be bright with spiritual meaning. The words of Jesus, the hymns of all saints in all ages, the purity of childhood, the love and strength of womanhood, the force and tenderness of manhood, will continue to fill and beautify, and to assure to us this region of spiritual life.

If we have ever loved our Bibles truly, because they helped us in learning the heavenly Truth, which, with the best efforts of our feeble minds, we could not think out for ourselves, we shall love them all the more when we find that the strongest minds, when they have gone far enough in the pursuit of

Truth to know the limitations of their power, stop reverently at the threshold of this temple of heavenly Truth, into which the Bible admits on equal ground the simple child and the learned philosopher.

That this has been the actual experience of one mind, we know; and if one person can be helped in religious reverence and humility by the proof that all scientific researches, however glorious the truths which they reveal, find at last their limit, and end in a mysterious wonder-land, which they cannot enter, then no one need be hindered; and no one will be, who has courage to follow Truth wherever Truth leads him. Those who have this courage, if they have ever thanked God at all, will thank him again for a helper in the discovery of truth so strong, so brave, so wise as Herbert Spencer.

With his religion, or his religious ideas, we have nothing to do, unless it pleases him to speak to us of them; but of the limit which he assigns in this direction to his work, we can speak in his own words:—

“Probably not a few will conclude that here is an attempted solution of the great questions with which Philosophy in all ages has perplexed itself. Let none thus deceive themselves. Only such as know not the scope and the limits of science can fall into so grave an error. The foregoing generalizations apply, not to the genesis of things in themselves, but to their genesis as manifested to the human consciousness. . .

“The explication of that which is explicable does but bring out into greater clearness the inexplicableness of that which remains behind. . . .

“Little as it seems to do so, fearless inquiry tends continually to give a firmer basis to all true religion. . . .

“That Power of which the nature remains forever inconceivable, and to which no limits in Time or Space can be imagined, works in us certain effects. . . . Analysis reduces these several kinds of effects to one kind of effect, and these several kinds of uniformity to one kind of uniformity. . . . But when science has done this, it has done nothing more than systematize our experience, and has in no degree extended the limits of our experience. . . . The utmost

possibility for us is an interpretation of the process of things as it presents itself to our limited consciousness; but how this process is related to the actual process, we are unable to conceive, much less to know. . . .

. . . "It must be remembered that while the connection between the phenomenal order and the ontological order is forever inscrutable, so is the connection between the conditioned forms of being and the unconditioned form of being forever inscrutable.

"The interpretation of all phenomena in terms of Matter, Motion, and Force is nothing more than the reduction of our complex symbols of thought to the simplest symbols; and when the equation has been brought to its lowest terms, the symbols remain symbols still. . . .

. . . "The establishment of correlation and equivalence between the forces of the outer and the inner worlds may be used to assimilate either to the other, according as we set out with one or other term. But he who rightly interprets the doctrine contained in this work will see that neither of these terms can be taken as ultimate. He will see that, though the relation of subject and object renders necessary to us that antithetical conception of Spirit and Matter, the one is no less than the other to be regarded as a sign of the unknown Reality which underlies both."

A. M.

THE highest attainment of reason is to know that there are an infinite number of things beyond its reach. And it must be extremely feeble if it does not go so far. A man ought to know when to doubt, when to be certain, and when to submit. He who cannot do this does not understand the real strength of reason. Men violate these three principles either by being certain of everything as demonstrative, for want of being acquainted with the nature of demonstration, or by doubting of everything for want of knowing when to submit; or by submitting in everything, for want of knowing when they ought to judge.—BLAISE PASCAL.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE English religious journals are filled with articles relating to the recent action of the House of Commons on the Irish Church question. No one seems to have expected that a majority of sixty-five votes would be cast to abolish the Established Episcopal Church of Ireland; and no one now doubts that a much larger majority would in a few months be obtained, when a reformed Parliament comes into power.

The significance of this event lies in something more than the abolition of the enormous injustice of compelling a people to support a Church, seven-eighths of whom do not believe its doctrines nor attend its ministrations. It reveals the irrepressible tendency of the public mind in England in favor of severing all connection between Church and State; and the abolition of the Established Episcopal Church of Ireland is regarded as the sure precursor of the abolition of the Established Episcopal Church of England.

The prospect leads some of the Episcopal journals to pour out very dolorous strains. Such a prestige and power has the State given to Episcopacy, such wealth and honors to its bishops, such overwhelming and omnipresent influence to all its instrumentalities and agencies, that it is not in human nature that the friends of the Establishment should not be alarmed at the thought of its being stripped of all these advantages, and reduced to a level with the dissenting sects. But the logic of events is inexorable. Episcopacy is to-day in the minority in England. Why compel a people to maintain a Church which the majority do not want? Why not make all religious opinions equal before the law?

We should share in the regrets of the journals referred to, if we believed that the severance of the Church from the State would in the long run endanger the best influence of the Episcopal Church. Who of us is not a debtor to that Church,—to its learning, piety, moderation, and charity? Who needs be told how much its stated order has given stability to religion in times of revolution, or has yet to learn what associa-

tions of dignity and impressiveness its venerated Collects and majestic Anthems have imparted to public worship?

In this country, likewise, no observing man can be blind to the influence of the Episcopal Church. In all our warfare of sects there has been one widely-diffused organization where we have seen zeal without fanaticism, and liberality without laxity, and the graces of good scholarship and high Christian culture. If just at this time there have appeared manifestations in that Church which have offended the common sense and religious tastes of the public, we suppose that no one doubts that there is good sense enough in that communion to lead ere long to a wise adjustment.

Indeed, the generally successful working of the Episcopal Church in this country must have given no small impulse to the progress of opinion in England. The Church here has not wanted funds, nor good scholars, nor dignified prelates, nor all the influence justly due to its intelligence, earnestness, and piety. The voluntary system has proved a success. It has been so with all denominations. We see that to give any one sect the bolstering hand of authority and power, would be to encompass it with corrupting, degrading, and, in the end, belittling and weakening influences. What a great truth Mr. Gladstone uttered when, in the debates in the House of Commons, he said, We have come to an age of the world when we see that the only reason why any Church should exist is the spiritual good it accomplishes, and that the sooner the poise of the Church is removed from power to love, the better!

No doubt, in the first dislocation the abolition of the Establishment will seem disastrous. Would he seem to be a foolish prophet who should predict for Episcopacy in England, as an ultimate consequence, a purer influence, a holier zeal, a more loving earnestness, a more enlarged influence, yes, and even, perhaps, a more generous support? If underneath all the advantages it has hitherto enjoyed, its sheltered defences, its honored positions, its affluent appliances, it has nurtured a power of virtue and piety, that power will now show itself, not in whimpering over lost privileges, but in

springing to the use of new opportunities, adapting itself to new exigencies, and proving itself to be in the future what the Episcopal Church in England and America has been in the past, — a Church of the living God, a pillar and ground of the truth.

— Peter Bayne, writing from London to the Boston "Watchman and Reflector," gives an intimation of the manner in which Mr. Spurgeon proposes to meet the new condition of things coming in England : —

"I observe that Mr. Spurgeon, with the strong common sense and moral dauntlessness of the man, accepts it as inevitable that we are to have a national scheme of secular education, and calls upon Christian men to make the best of it. 'Since the sectarian system' — these are his words — 'has in England most evidently failed to reach the needs of the millions, a purely secular system will be established, and will be thrust upon us whether we will or no. There will be a great outcry about the divorcing of religion from education, but we shall not join in it, partly because it is useless to cry over spilt milk, — the thing must be, and there is no preventing it; and yet more, because we think we see our way to a great real gain out of a small apparent loss. Children are to lose the religious training which they received in national and British schools; we admit that there may be cases in which the loss will be appreciable, but we think that they are few and far between. The lads of the village might generally carry in a hollow tooth all the religion they receive at the charity school. Do not they learn the church catechism? Yes, but that is not religion; it begins with an assertion of baptismal regeneration, maunders about behaving one's self lowly and reverently to one's betters in a manner suitable for an American negro previous to the late war, and has not a fraction of the simple gospel of Jesus in it from end to end. It will be highly beneficial to the morality of youth to dispense with this miserable farrago, in which the false of superstition and the true of law are hopelessly jumbled. The present religious teaching of our week-day schools is, as we believe, as nearly as possible a sham, and a most mischievous sham too, since it satisfies the Christian conscience, and lulls to sleep energies which need to be aroused to the performance of a much neglected Chris-

tian duty.' Mr. Spurgeon proposes a far more close, earnest, and searching discharge of duty to the young than the Christian Church has yet attempted. He would have Sabbath-school teachers meet their classes occasionally during the week, more frequent services and meetings for the young, prayer-meetings for boys and girls, and courses of lectures 'illustrated with diagrams and dissolving views,—lectures full of holy truth and godly precept. Mr. Spurgeon's words are seldom empty sounds, and he is himself the man to be looked to for practical exemplification of the operations he suggests. I cordially wish him God-speed."

—In reviewing Mrs. Stowe's late book, called "Men of Our Times," a writer in the "Independent" has the following just reflections:—

"It is impossible to read these sketches without a new reverence not only for truth in its practical applications, but for the Christian system. Though not intended as such, these sketches afford admirable 'Evidences of Christianity.' Nearly if not quite all of the 'Men of Our Times' are themselves believers in the Christian revelation, and inheritors of a genuinely Christian education. Most of them, of New England birth and of Puritan descent, give token in their lives of the influence of that moral and religious training which the Christian Sabbath and the Christian Bible gives. Of the seven books which constituted Abraham Lincoln's early library, the Bible was first, Shakspeare second. Grant inherited his dogged determination from a long line of Puritan ancestry, equally determined with himself. William Lloyd Garrison, the son of a Christian mother, was in his early years an earnest and ardent member of the Baptist church, and borrowed his later denunciations of the recreancy of the Church from the burning words of the Old Testament prophets. Edwin M. Stanton learned lessons of Christian integrity in his boyhood from honest Quaker parents. Salmon P. Chase inherited from a Puritan parentage those principles which have formed his character and directed his life. Of the eighteen men selected to grace this collection, and who really deserve the niche assigned them, more than one-half were born and received their early training in New England, fully one-third are direct lineal descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, all are undoubted believers in the

Christian religion; the greater proportion of them are men of peculiarly and strongly religious natures, and all have been agreed that the teachings of Jesus Christ are to be carried out in political institutions.

"It is the Christian religion which has given America her men of faith, — men who believed in God and his truth, against popular majorities, and in spite of all outward signs of success; and who set that truth against policy and expediency with invincible assurance of final victory. It was this faith in moral principle that made them the 'Men of Our Times.' We heartily thank Mrs. Stowe for reminding the public that greatness did not expire in America with the famous triad, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster; that in all the elements of true greatness — of permanent influence, that is, upon the destinies of the nation — their peers still live; and that, as the present looks regretfully into the past, so the future will look back regretfully upon the present, still murmuring, as they read these 'lives of great men,' 'There were giants in those days.' And we thank her no less for reminding the young men of America, to whom she fittingly inscribes her pages, that true greatness, recognized greatness even, lies far less in brilliancy of diction than in the healthy mental grasp of moral principle and the strong purpose that adheres to it through good and evil report."

— We find in the New York "Methodist" a letter from Rev. Dr. Hurst, written in Bremen, Germany. He gives an account of what he calls "a war among the clergy" in that quiet old city, which may have some interest to our readers. It shows, at any rate, that an outbreak of radical opinions appears from time to time in other places than in Unitarian neighborhoods. There must be something in the general culture of the age, in the air of Christendom everywhere, that is favorable to the development of such opinions. The case presents a problem to be studied with meekness and patience and profound Christian charity.

It is instructive to remember how often a wide-spread tendency to mere naturalism has before appeared in Christendom, and how it has always been overborne by an irrepressible faith in underlying spiritual forces. The first dawning of modern letters and science in Italy was marked by mani-

festations of opinion precisely like those we see now. Averroes was, in some respects, the Theodore Parker of that age, — *componere magnis parva*. In lately reading his life by Renan, we have been struck with the fact, how much we are repeating the past. In nearly all the leading cities of Italy there were those who hailed the Spanish philosopher as superior to prophet and apostle. Renan quotes a conversation which Petrarch held with one of the heresiarch's followers, and it sounds much like what we hear to-day. In his library in Venice, Petrarch received a visit from an Averroist, who, as Petrarch says, *according to the custom of these modern philosophers, thinks they do nothing, if they do not bark against Christ and his supernatural doctrine*; and Petrarch, having cited some word of St. Paul, his visitor — "*spumans rabie, et contemptus supercilio, frontem turpans*" — exclaimed, "I do not believe a word of all those fables. Your Paul, your Augustine, and all that race of writers, are sheer twaddlers. If you could only comprehend Averroes! But I have still hope that one day your great genius will leave puerile fables, and will be with us." Petrarch, as Renan adds, could hardly restrain his anger, and took hold of his visitor's mantle, begging him not to come there again. There were some ages of faith to follow the boasted philosophy of Averroes; and we do not apprehend that all belief in the supernatural is now about to die out. But it would be interesting to study the causes of these recurring times of incredulity, as the physician studies the atmospheric conditions of the scarlatina or small pox.

Our extract from Dr. Hurst's letter is as follows: —

"It is now several months since the people of Bremen began to witness a scene which soon assumed important proportions, and has become a topic of conversation and newspaper discussion in other parts of Germany. Quite a little literature has already gathered about the subject, and even the illustrated journals have found in it entertaining matter for readers who take little or no interest in theological discussions. The affair is representative of others, though on a smaller scale, going on elsewhere in Germany, and will serve to convince all evangelical Christians, who had believed that orthodoxy was at last having a

free and easy road before it here, that they have been indulging such a pleasant reflection too soon.

"The immediate cause of the trouble is Dr. Schwalb, a native German, educated in Paris, and subsequently settled as village pastor near Strasburg, where he was within whistling distance of Colani, the leader of the liberal school of French Protestantism. The St. Martin's church of Bremen, which had withstood every attack of scepticism for a century, was now without an active pastor, the aged and evangelical Dr. Treviranus having finished fifty years of service, and retired on a pension. It appears that the young people in this church became tired of orthodoxy, and, wishing a pastor according to their notion, had to go all the way to Strasburg to get one violent enough to suit them. Schwalb, on arriving here, began to labor, heart and soul, for the propagation of the scepticism of the Protestant Associations, which have a branch society and a regular course of lectures in this city. At first, Schwalb had only about twenty people in his congregation, for it is just such folks as gave him a call that do not attend church, and naturally prefer a pastor who lays no stress on what they consider an antiquated view of duty.

"In due time, Schwalb's turn came to deliver one of the lectures before the Protestant Association. This was the golden opportunity for the aspiring man to make a stir, and he seems to have exerted himself to the best of his ability. On the 17th of January he delivered a lecture on the Old and New Faith in Christ, the whole of which may be judged by the following choice bit: 'The Christ of the new faith is not God, but man, — true, real, and only man. He came into the world in a human way, and did not have merely a mother, but also a father. Before his birth he was nowhere, neither on earth nor in heaven. He never performed a work that was supernatural, or out of harmony with the laws of nature; he did not die as a propitiatory sacrifice, but as a martyr to religious truth; his body returned to dust; he did not ascend to heaven, for, since the days of Copernicus, there is no heaven adapted to such an ascension.'

"After this lecture was published, the orthodox Lutheran and Reformed clergy of Bremen and the surrounding country, not willing to allow such bald infidelity from one of the most prominent pulpits of the city to pass without their notice, issued a protest in strong but carefully chosen language, in which the cardinal doctrines of Christianity were reasserted. The docu-

ment was signed by more than twenty names. This movement led the voters of Schwalb's congregation to have a meeting, to take into consideration his theological opinions. But as they knew their man before calling him to their church, the great majority supported 'their dear pastor,' and only five protested against his late utterances. This, of course, was a great feather in Schwalb's cap. Subsequent to this action, as we are informed by the papers, his theological sympathizers in other pulpits circulated an address expressive of sympathy with his theology. This was signed by the names of twelve of the Bremen clergy, who declare that they are in full sympathy with their brother, and that they are willing to stand or fall with him."

—We cut the following article from the "Independent:"—

"On Wednesday, the 15th of April, 1868, the West Street Congregational Church of Danbury, Conn., installed Rev. Henry Powers as their minister, under circumstances so peculiar that the event deserves special mention as constituting an almost unprecedented feature in ecclesiastical history. Invitations to participate in the deliberations of the council and the services of installation were extended to all the Orthodox Congregational churches of Fairfield East Consociation, to the Baptist, Methodist, Christian, Universalist, Union (colored), and other churches of Danbury; and the Roman Catholic minister was also solicited to complete the circle of fellowship. The churches invited from abroad were 'the Church of the Disciples,' Rev. James Freeman Clarke's, Boston, and the First Congregational Church of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"It was conjectured, not without reason, that some excellent Christian people would be squeamish about participating in such a mongrel affair; and so we were not disappointed to receive four letters of response, from as many churches, declining the equivocal honor of celebrating the triumph of spiritual over opinionative fellowship. One minister of the consociation, with his deacon, came with discretionary power; and, finding that the heretics were invested by the church calling the council with as much authority as anybody else, withdrew, — not, however, without the expression of kind feeling, which assured all present that he did so with extreme regret, and under the pressure of conscientious conviction. And so of the ministers of the Fair-

field East Consociation there remained but one in the council, Rev. H. B. Smith, of Newtown, who was unanimously elected moderator.

"The customary credentials having been presented by the church and pastor-elect, the theological examination was proceeded with, which developed, with certain liberal mixtures, sufficient soundness in faith to furnish good promise of the candidate's future usefulness. Not to rehearse all the dry details inseparable from such an inquest, it shall suffice to record that the council, by unanimous vote, resolved that the installation service go forward.

"Of course, the meeting-house was crowded in the evening. The fame of the preacher and the uniqueness of the ceremony were sufficient to have packed the largest church-edifice in the county. Rev. H. B. Smith presided and offered the installing prayer, which breathed in a very remarkable degree the spirit of the Master. A brother of the 'Christian' church, whose name I do not recall, read the Scriptures. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, preached the sermon, which was so full of the gospel that nobody would have scented heresy but for the Unitarian label of the brother. Rev. Mr. Burch, of the Methodist church of Danbury, gave the best 'right hand of fellowship' that I ever heard, — so full was it of apt expression, so brimming with large thought and Christian kindliness. It fell to the lot of the writer to deliver the address to the people; and when, by this 'last straw,' the back of their Christian patience was threatening to break, and the belfry-clock was just about to strike ten, the choir broke in with a glorious doxology, and we all went home, — some to rejoice in vision of the millennial dawn, and others, who were just as good as they, to muse anxiously upon such strange proceedings, and in feverish dreams revolve the question whether essential faith had not been compromised. I will just say that I belonged to the rejoicing party. I was almost converted to be a disciple of Dr. Cummings, and felt very sure that the second advent would be inaugurated in Danbury. Nevertheless, I could well understand why a goodly number of men and women, approved of all the people for piety and good works, shook their heads as when the barometer falls and a storm impends. I have given this simple recital with no purpose to argue this perplexed case *pro* or *con*. Let those who read consider, each for himself and herself, whether this thing, so strange, was of Christ or of Belial."

— The New York "Observer" has the following notice of the dedication of Rev. Dr. Osgood's church in New York. We are sorry the learned editor did not go beyond his English dictionary, which gives the popular but not always the scientific use of language. If he had consulted his Latin dictionary, he would have marked the difference between *Deus* and *Divinus*. The editor is as much mistaken in what he says about the use of the word Divinity as peculiar to modern Unitarians. The first Unitarians in this country insisted upon the distinction referred to as strongly as have any since. A tract published by the American Unitarian Association, in 1831, is entitled "The Divinity of Jesus Christ," and is designed to show that he is divine in his commission and instruction and character, and yet is not Deity. Dr. Osgood, and the other clergymen referred to, probably hold the same opinions on this subject as did their fathers in the ministry: —

"Dr. Osgood, at the dedication of his new church, 'affirmed his positive conviction of the Divinity of Christ.'

"The modern Unitarians of the reactionary school, who have been shocked by the infidelity of Theodore Parker, are seeking to find some form of words in which to express their faith in Christ, that shall sound like the truth as held by the orthodox. They are making a distinction between the words Divinity and Deity, and saying that they believe in the Divinity and not in the Deity of Christ. The Unitarians find fault with others who will not and cannot see the difference.

"There is no difference in the meaning of the words. They are of the same root; *divus* and *deus*, old Latin words, were used interchangeably, having precisely the same signification. So the words Divinity (*divus*) and Deity (*deus*) are synonymous.

"Open the English dictionary and read the definitions: —

"DIVINITY. — 1. The state of being divine; Deity; Godhead; the nature or essence of God. Christians ascribe *divinity* to one Supreme Being only. 2. God, the Deity, the Supreme Being. " 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us." — ADDISON.'

"DEITY. — 1. Godhead; Divinity; the nature and essence of the Supreme Being, as the Deity of the Supreme Being is manifested in his works. 2. God, the Supreme Being or Infinite self-existing Spirit.'

"Thus we see that etymology proves the identity of the two words, and usage, which is the supreme law of language, establishes the same self-evident truth. How very idle, then, it is for Dr. Osgood or any other Unitarian minister to affirm the Divinity of Christ and deny his Deity !

"We admit that a man has a right to use words in any sense he pleases, if in using them he will give his explanation, if his sense differs from that of his hearers and neighbors. But suppose Dr. Osgood affirms the Divinity of Christ, and a hearer, who has always understood that Unitarians deny the Divinity of Christ, goes home and turns up the word Divinity in his dictionary, and finds that it means *Deity, Godhead* ; is he not justified in believing that Dr. Osgood affirmed the orthodox faith, or that he misled his audience ?

"But we contemplate, with some satisfaction, the use of the word by the Unitarians, even if they attach to it a modified and transcendental meaning not belonging to it by etymology or usage. It shows us that they are not satisfied with mere humanitarianism. They find in the Gospels more than a man. It is not enough for Dr. Osgood and Dr. Briggs and Dr. Peabody, and many others, that Jesus Christ shall be honored as the best man ; the Bible teaches them more, their flesh and heart cry out for more. God in Christ alone satisfies their souls. When they speak of the Divinity of Christ, they confess the God incarnate. To them, as to us, the Son of Mary is the Son of God."

— There seems to be much practical common sense in the following article from the New York "Observer," under the title "Circumcising Timothy :"—

"Few things in the Apostle Paul impress me more than his practical wisdom in managing difficult questions in practical matters. Where do we see wisdom in a man more strikingly than when he yields an unessential, though for some reasons an important, point, in order to effect some design ? It is easy to be obstinate ; it falls in with several favorite passions to hold out against an opponent ; we thereby get reputation for decision, firmness, adherence to the right ; and our love of victory is gratified. Especially when we are thoroughly persuaded of absurdity on the part of the opposer, it is hard to yield. Probably nothing seemed more absurd to Paul than to be practising the

initiatory Jewish rite when the doctrines of Christ were gaining influence. It must have seemed to him like lighting the street lamps after sunrise. So that when, to end a dispute, or to gain influence for his Christian teachings, he took Timothy and circumcised him, — knowing as we do the secret thoughts and feelings which he must have had with regard to its absurdity, — we cannot but regard his conduct as almost sublime. How superior it makes him appear to the contentious bigots!

"Sometimes we see people in controversy, — a minister and his church or parish, for example, — in which one side or the other is a stickler for some point relating to supposed doctrinal truth, or right, or custom. Not unfrequently the pastoral relation has been sundered because the minister would not yield to the wishes or views of the people on some point. Really, it would not have been a greater apparent sacrifice of principle, surely not a greater piece of self-denial for him to have yielded, than it was for Paul to regard the prejudices of the Jews with regard to their effete observance. Some ministers have brought life-long sorrows upon themselves by pertinaciously insisting upon things which would have best been confuted by allowing them to have their way. Certain things can be effectually overcome by being undergone. It is a great thing to know when it is best to circumcise Timothy."

— Rev. Dr. Crowell publishes the following article in the "Watchman and Reflector:" —

"The Unitarianism of New England is, in one view, a fruit of the intolerance of doctrine-worship. The Puritans were far enough from ritualism, but they magnified the importance of doctrinal theology. In their zeal to get men to *think* right about divine decrees, election, irresistible grace, the saints' perseverance, and the Trinity, they thought little of forms of worship or of spiritual life. High orthodoxy became a cover for lax morality, belief of the dogmas of New England theology more essential than veracity, integrity, and manly honor.

"It is no cause of wonder that men of independent minds, of a high sense of personal obligation, should revolt from the state of things in the orthodox churches in New England of a half a century ago. The Unitarian movement, or something else of the sort, was rendered philosophically necessary. Action like that

must produce a reaction. The student of history must feel a relief that no worse a reaction took place. The universal diffusion of common school education, the freedom of discussion, the general diffusion of the Bible as the supreme authority, and the division of New England into little local democracies, controlled the result:

"The great mistake of Unitarianism in its religious speculations is, it sees no special importance in any question about the person of Jesus Christ. To believe that he is divine, or super-angelic, or merely human, is, in their estimation, of small account. The great thing is, to be sincere in doing the things that he says. To worship Christ as God, to pray to him, to trust in him for salvation, is, in their opinion, a very great mistake, to say the least.

"The great bugbear of Unitarianism is, the doctrine of the Trinity. To them it appears like a demand made of them to believe that one is three, and that three are only one — as a mathematical problem. And because the doctrine of the Trinity is included in the articles of faith of a church as one condition of membership therein, they declare that the church makes more account of an impossible arithmetical paradox than of an upright life.

"That this is not an exaggerated picture of their misconceptions on this subject, we have daily proofs. Glorifying in their freedom from doctrinal trammels, complacently fancying that others are held to their positions by ecclesiastical authority, by taking on trust the dogmas of their teachers, or by superstitious fear, Unitarians forget the first lesson of Christ, that 'this is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent,' that 'he who honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father who hath sent him.' So they take up with a dead morality, in place of that faith that saves the soul.

"But the root of Unitarian error is not struck so deeply in American soil as in that of Germany, some years ago, nor is there any probability that it ever will be. What Unitarians most need is, right thoughts of Christ, right feelings towards Christ, a right relation to Christ. Such a book as Neander's Commentary on the First Epistle of John, in which this truth is so simply, so convincingly, so clearly set forth, is well calculated to disarm their prejudices and to lead them to the life-giving truth. There are the ripest fruits of learning without its parade or processes,

deep spirituality, a childlike spirit, and a mind eminently in harmony with that of the beloved disciple."

— Rev. Prof. Stowe writes in the "Congregationalist" as follows:—

"The present aspect of Judaism throughout Christendom is well-nigh astounding. I take regularly three Jewish newspapers, two in English and one in German, and every week they contain articles against Christianity, very determined, and not unfrequently bitter and violent. The Jews are very active, and rapidly growing in wealth and influence. There are ten regularly employed preaching Rabbis in New York City, and nearly as many synagogues. Cincinnati is not behind New York in this respect, and there are four or five in Boston. Some of their synagogues in New York and Cincinnati are among the most costly and splendid religious edifices in the United States. They are establishing schools of the highest order, and have commenced operations for an American Jewish National University of the highest class, and they already have one or two theological seminaries. They are getting into the first positions in every department of life in Europe and America; and of an edition of the Talmud, now publishing in Berlin in the best style, twenty-eight volumes large folio, and its translations, commentaries, and illustrations in abundance, they say they sold 40,000 copies during the last year. As to their spiritual aspirations, some of them seem devout and sober; but their writers mostly, so far as I have seen, are about on a level with the 'Radical' published in Boston. They seek no proselytes, but are the deadly enemies of Christianity."

HUMANITY THE ROOF OF MAN.

WHY do the tiles themselves form so secure
A covering to the roof? Is't not because
Each one so closely nestles to the rest,
And streams of rain glide off as from a shield?
But if man e'er so little parts from man,
How shall humanity securely dwell?
That is their shield, that is their house and roof,
Their host, their guest, their very one in all.

— THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

RANDOM READINGS.

HOME.

FROM "BUDS FOR THE BRIDAL WREATH."

BY REV. W. F. TILDEN.

WE think too little of the sacred character of home. Based, as it is, upon the marriage relation, it partakes of the sacredness of that "holy estate." As sure as marriage in its origin and end is holy, so sure is home holy. The seed of home, like that of marriage, is planted in man's nature by the hand of God.

HE MAKETH HIM FAMILIES LIKE A FLOCK. The Maker of heaven and earth and man is the Maker of families, the Maker of home. Oh that all homes might bear the impress of his forming hand in their spirit and influence, as truly as in their origin!

But as neither plighted vows, nor wedding-ring, nor ceremony of minister, can make a true marriage when there is no union of hearts, so living beneath the same roof in the most intimate and hallowed relation man ever forms cannot make a true home, where the home spirit, the home affections, the home love are wanting.

Marriage is sacred, but marriages may be profane. Home is of God, but homes may be godless.

Oh, how sad and disastrous, how fruitful of sorrow and woe, when that which is holy in its origin becomes unholy in its issues, when that which was designed of Heaven to bless man with peace and social happiness is perverted to discord, alienation, and misery!

The essential elements of a true home are not confined to the few, but open to the many. Home is too rich a boon to be monopolized by any class, or limited to any external condition.

Wealth is not necessary to it; for though money wisely used may adorn and beautify home, and fill it with comforts and conveniences, still it is not essential to home joys. Nay, it may frustrate the highest designs of home, by ministering to vanity and a poor love of display, instead of fostering the quiet virtues and strong affections and elevating pursuits of a Christian home.

Even "a competency" in its moderate estimate — a "fore-

handed" condition — is not necessary to it; for however desirable it may be to feel exempt from the necessity of daily toil, and to be able to provide against sickness and misfortune, still this is not essential to a happy home, though it is often waited for, and toiled for, as if a home without it must be based upon the sand; when the truth is, the home that is based upon it is on the sand; for it is a competency of virtuous love and mutual endeavors to aid and bless, not a competency of this world's goods, that is the true foundation of home.

"Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes."

"True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A loving fireside.

"I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or home,
If 'mid his splendors he hath not
A world of love at home."

To have wealth, to enjoy a competency, to be forehanded, are accidents of human condition, subject to all the contingencies of a changing world; to-day we may possess them, to-morrow they are gone. Home rests not on this fickle basis. Its foundations are deeper laid, in the heart, and not on the shifting sands of external condition.

Home, like marriage, from which it springs, rests upon those strong, deep, pure affections that make the two hearts one.

Wherever a true marriage has been formed, there the foundation is laid for a true home.

The external superstructure of house and furniture may be wanting; but united love and labor will supply these in due time, and find sweet joy in the mutual effort.

The "own home" may be seen only as a future hope, but the "own hired house," like that in which Paul dwelt, may prove a truer home of the heart than many a stately palace, or costly villa, which the occupant can show with pride and call "mine."

There may be little means for adorning or beautifying the humble abode, but good taste and neatness, and a happy arrangement of little things, will give a homelike, pleasant air even

to the scantily furnished apartment, that will invite domestic peace.

There may be no costly pictures on the walls, but they may be spared where the living pictures of home joys and home affections are found, in the heart, in love's own natural and beautiful setting.

Love, chastity, fidelity to marriage vows, virtuous endeavors, the Christian view of life, the Christian faith, hope, spirit, and purpose,—let the married pair have these, and they have a foundation for home that will not crumble.

These will gild with peace and joy the lowliest circumstances, beautify the humblest home, sweeten daily toil, and make common duties, cares, and labors subserve a high and sacred purpose.

These will give to competency a new value, as furnishing the means of making home outwardly as well as inwardly attractive, adding to its conveniences and comforts, gratifying a pure taste, and providing the means of intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement and pleasure.

These will impart to wealth a new power for good, by making it the ministering angel of pure and chaste affections, beautifying home, not for vanity and show, but for love and happy influence; multiplying its comforts, that its hospitalities may be multiplied; adding to its chaste elegancies, that it may minister to refinement of thought and feeling; and going out on missions of love to bless with its benignant charities other homes less favored.

These are what hallow and sanctify home in every condition, helping to make it what God designed,—a home of sweet affection, faithful love, and domestic peace,—a school of social culture, true refinement, pure endeavor, and sacred aspirations—the birthplace, the cradle, the nursery, the school, of all those affections, graces, and virtues that belong to the children of God.

Such a home God calls on the twain made one to build up to his glory and their own joy.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO who crucify the divine idea of home, who thrust the cruel spear of neglect and unkindness into the heart of its purest joys,—who nail to the cross of ignominy its tenderest and sweetest affections, put to an open shame its holiest sanctities, and consign to the tomb the purest, holiest,

most redeeming influences of this God-ordained form of social life. FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.

How great and rich the privilege of making a *new home* in the world! How unutterably important the question, What shall its character be?

They kneeled beside the bridal bed,
God's unseen angels overhead;
The twain were one, and one the prayer
Laid on the marriage altar there.

'Twas earnest, simple, deep, and true,
Outgush of one heart filled by two;
The angels listened with hushed wing,
Then upward bore the offering.

And soon amid the angel throng
In heaven's bright mansions rose the song,
"Joy! joy to earth! — a new home given
To Love, and Faith, to God and heaven."

LOVE DOES NOT CEASE WITH DEATH.

Do you recollect that thrilling instance of self-sacrifice, — how, when the last boat was just cutting off from the wrecked vessel, in that awful hour the mother refused to leave behind her husband and child; and, when death came to one, clasped in each other's arms, they sunk in the surging waters? Now, is it possible that the love which at one moment was so intense that it absorbed every other feeling, even the desire for life, in another moment ceased to be? Is it possible that a moment of time could work this change in human souls, though it were the moment of death? Sooner would I believe that the waves annihilated the immortal spirits of those loving ones than that it quenched their mutual love. And so it must be with all earthly affection, which is true and earnest and pure. Death cannot destroy it, for it is stronger than death. The grave cannot chill it, for it lies not there with the body, but lives forever. And we may believe, that, as those on earth get ready their homes and open their hearts for the unconscious child which is yet unborn, so for us, in sickness and in death, are the dear departed watching, ready to receive and to welcome the new-born heir of heaven to the celestial mansions. — REV. S. A. SMITH.

THE WAY AND REST OF ISRAEL.

WHEN Israel reached their home at last,
 And 'neath their vines and fig-trees lay,
 How sweetly, all their perils past,
 Must they have mused upon God's way?
 What at the time seemed hard to bear
 Then could they clearly understand;
 And how a Father's love and care
 Each portion of their wanderings planned.

Thus, if we reach that heavenly place,
 No snare to fear, no wars to wage,
 Then shall we see how heavenly grace
 Led us throughout our pilgrimage;
 How needful was each care and cross;
 How wisely our own way denied;
 How mercy shielded us from loss;
 How right the way, how true the Guide.

How sweet to understand his ways;
 What now we know not then to know;
 And yield the tribute of our praise
 For what mysterious seemed below.
 Lord, lead us to that place of rest,
 And from our own fond will defend;
 Thou knowest what for us is best,
 Who knowest both the way and end.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

THE youth argues about the worth of religion. There is, he feigns, no reality in it. It is a delusion, a pretence, without life, without power either to support the trials or virtues of men. But he leaves his companions, he is alone, he reviews the past, and his heart reproaches him for the words he has uttered. Far away, on the bright horizon of his early years, stands one like an angel of light, belonging both to earth and to heaven, one long gone, but whom he will never forget, — the form of the mother of his childhood. He can remember how, with a strange, sweet awe, when he could hardly understand the words she ut-

tered, though he knew the affection which prompted them, he was awakened from slumber by the tones of her voice in prayer, as she knelt by his bedside before she slept. He remembers the still Sabbath hours when she repeated to him the words of Jesus, — blessed words, which he knew were in her heart. He remembers with what trusting resignation she bore affliction, and all her Christian gentleness and fidelity in trial, and her self-forgetting sacrifices for the good of others. He remembers how, struck by disease, she faded slowly away, cheerful when others were sad; how her soul dwelt upon the sweet words of Christian promise; how, when her child was alone with her, with fond tears that could not be repressed, she clasped him to her bosom, and raised his thoughts to heaven, and taught him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth. He remembers how her countenance was lit up with faith and trust; how in the hour of death, when all else wept, she alone was calm, and with her last whispered words committed his soul to God. He has seen a Christian mother live and die. He knows that hers was a soul that took hold on heaven. And, as he remembers these things, all the scoffs of a world could not make him doubt the worth of religion. A still, small voice from that mother's death-bed and that mother's grave speaks to his soul, and he cannot doubt.—
E. PEABODY.

POSTPONEMENT.

WHERE wide my neighbor's acres spread
 His busy ploughshare's lines were set;
 "Why in such haste to plough?" I said;
 "The time is long till summer yet."

My winter fire still burning low,
 I heaped anew the crackling wood,
 "Why haste," again I said, "to sow?"
 And warmed my hands in slothful mood.

The robin rocked aloft and sang;
 The crocus smiled to hear him sing;
 "Oh, pipe away," my answer rang;
 "But bitter weather this for spring!"

Then fell the rain in plenteous showers,
With sunny rifts in all the clouds ;
The lightest wind was breath of flowers ;
They flocked the woods in noiseless crowds.

The days grew long ; the nights grew brief ;
Sunrise and sunset widely shone ;
The lovely earth, in fullest leaf,
Dropped half her roses overblown.

" Is summer here ? " I cried, " so soon ? "
And to my fields in haste I went ;
Long ere my spring-tide tasks were done
The gracious early rains were spent.

From east to west, from north to south,
A burning glare filled all the sky,
And, stricken faint and white with drought,
E'en Nature's self seemed like to die.

Through scorching day and dewless night
My parched fields stretched nearly bare ;
The while my neighbor's blest his sight,
And hourly grew more full and fair.

And when the harvest was at hand,
One clothed in majesty went by :
In silence looked he at my land,
Then turned on me his searching eye.

" Spare me ! " I cried, on bended knee,
Touched by the power of that rebuke, —
The story of the barren tree,
Recorded by the faithful Luke !

Again the winter closed me in ;
With loss alone my barns were filled ;
But now the milder days begin ;
Once more my acres may be tilled !

My hand upon the plough I lay ;
No backward glances must I take ;
But, looking up to heaven, I pray,
" Bless thou my toil, for Jesus' sake ! "

— INDEPENDENT.

GREAT THROUGH SUFFERING.

OF all men who have ever traversed the earth, none has suffered so much as Christ ; because in suffering, above all things, did we need a divine guide. His body was scourged, put upon the cross, pierced with nails, exposed to a burning sun, until life was crushed out from it by excessive pain. And already had he known all the bitterness in which society can steep us, — poverty, with scorn and anguish heaped upon it ; want of success, with its regrets and agitations ; hatred, with its insults and its calumnies. Were the pains of the heart lacking, when his mother and his brothers wished to take possession of him as of a wretched madman ; when he saw his apostles persevere in their gross, carnal views ; when he understood that one of the twelve was preparing to sell him for thirty pieces of silver ; and when, in Gethsemane, he begged his three disciples in vain to watch one hour with him ; and when, in the Prætorium, he perceived among the soldiers and priests only one friendly face, and this friend denied him even three times ? “ The Lord,” says the Scripture, “ turning, then looked upon Peter ; and Peter went out and wept bitterly.” I believe it, indeed : from what eyes would tears have not been wrung at a glance of such ineffable sadness ?

But see, too, in the midst of all these tribulations, how strong Christ was. What activity, what energy, what valor ! And then what serenity, calmness, and sweetness ! See what a man can be and can do amid the most vivid trials. Or rather it is through these trials that Jesus became our Saviour ; and it is through our trials, too, my brothers, that we shall be like him. Yet it is not enough that we are smitten. We may suffer enormously, and yet remain selfish, sensual, perverse. If the most unhappy were necessarily the most virtuous, the lower stratum of the social world were a school of sanctity. For nowhere is there greater suffering. Affliction elevates us only when, by our own consent, it works patience ; and then, if, with our own assistance, patience has its perfect work. It requires our own will. — COLANI.

It is our business to be true to ourselves ; the consequence is altogether in the hands of Providence.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Where is the City? is the very suggestive title of a very readable and interesting book published by Roberts Brothers. It describes the researches of Israel Knight, a young man exceedingly anxious to find the true church. He makes trial of nine denominations. He sojourns among the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Universalists, and Unitarians. He becomes acquainted in turn with their methods, spirit, and doctrines. Their several merits are brought out, generally we think very fairly, and their peculiarities and deficiencies are admirably taken off. The book is written by a scholar, and, with touches of pleasantry and humor, embodies much accurate information respecting the creeds, the history, and the church life of the above-named sects, so far as they have any. He gives a less favorable account of the Methodists than we think the truth warrants, though he describes truly the tendency of ecclesiastical bodies to grow conceited, arrogant, and despotic, as they grow large and influential, of which the Methodists are no exception, in the estimation of the writer. The tone of the book is reverent, and was written evidently by a believer. He comes to Milton's conclusion, that the whole body of gospel truth, like the mangled body of Osiris, has been sundered, and neither sect has the whole of it, and that only at her Master's second coming shall he "bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." It is a good book for people of all sects to read, and may teach them a lesson of humility, tolerance, and self-examination. s.

Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer, edited by her sister, Charlotte Bremer, translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow, is a very charming piece of biography, published by Hurd & Houghton, New York. The account of Fredrika's girlhood by her sister, descriptive of her originality, mischievous drollery, and early indications of genius, is given with a simplicity and interblending of anecdote which enlists our interest from the beginning. Both the biography and letters bring the readers of Miss Bremer's stories into near and loving acquaintance with the woman in her domestic and social life, and to an estimate of the influences, not all of them benign, which went to the development of her character and genius. s.

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Vol. XXXIX.

No. 6.

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CONTENTS.

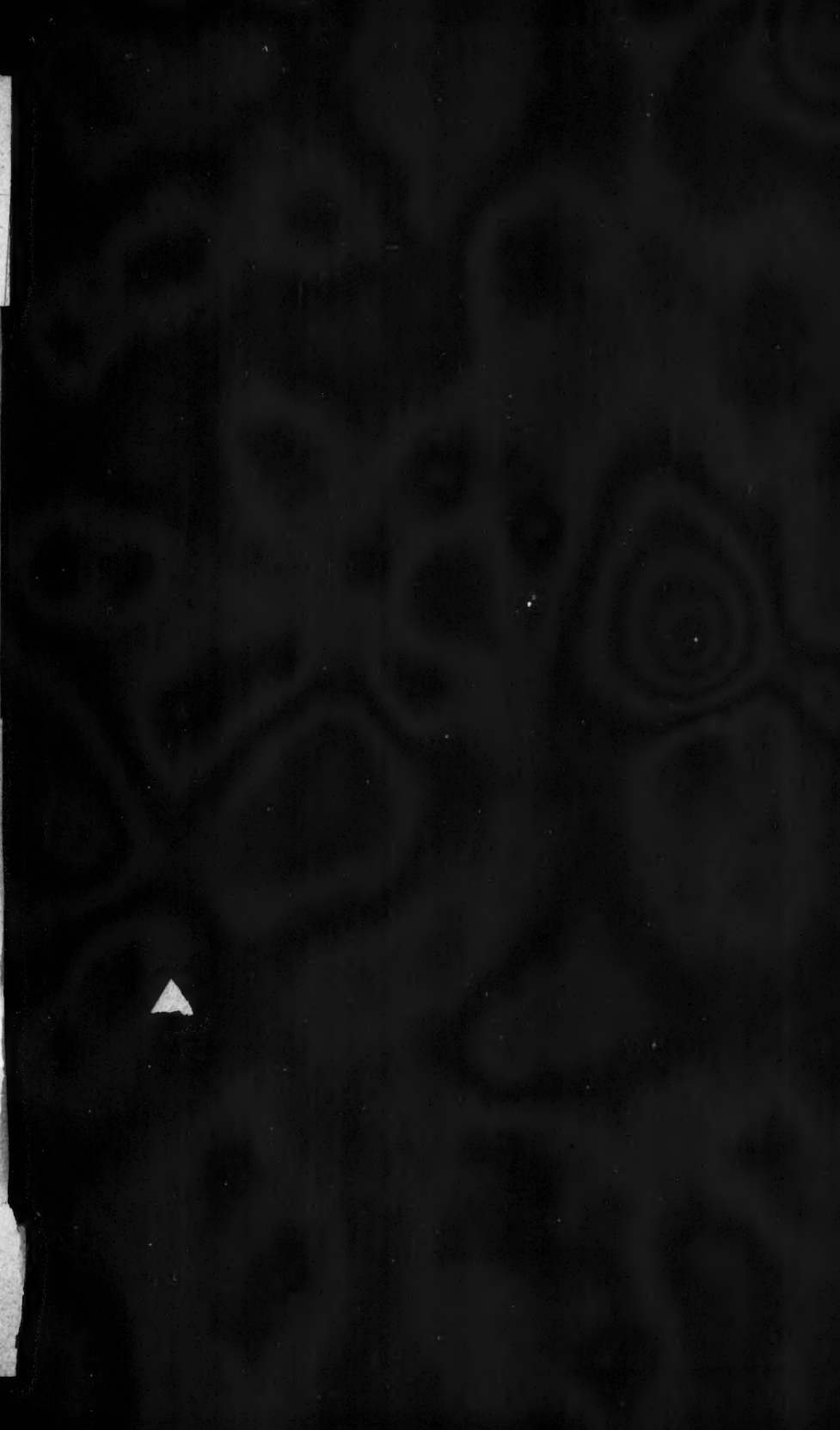
THE SOCIAL BURDEN. By F. H. HEDGE, D. D.	421
MAN AND WOMAN. By A. P. PEABODY, D. D.	436
GOD'S OVERSEEING CARE. By C. S. LOCKE	444
NIGHT	452
SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL. By REV. JAMES D'NORMANDIE	453
WHY DOST THOU WAIT?	464
DISCUSSION AN AID TO FAITH. By REV. A. B. MUZZEY	465
HERBERT SPENCER AND THEOLOGY By A. M.	478
SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS. By H. A. M., D.D.	482
HUMANITY THE ROOF OF MAN	495

RANDOM READINGS :—

Home. By Rev. W. P. Tilden	496
Love does not cease with Death	499
The Way and Rest of Israel	500
A Mother's Influence	500
Postponement	501
Great through Suffering	503

LITERARY NOTES :—

Where is City?	504
Life, Letters and Posthumous Works of Frederick Bremer	504



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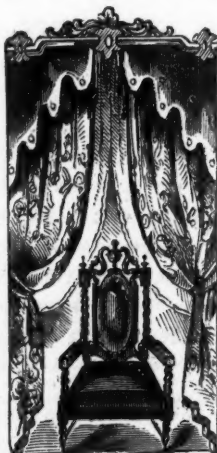
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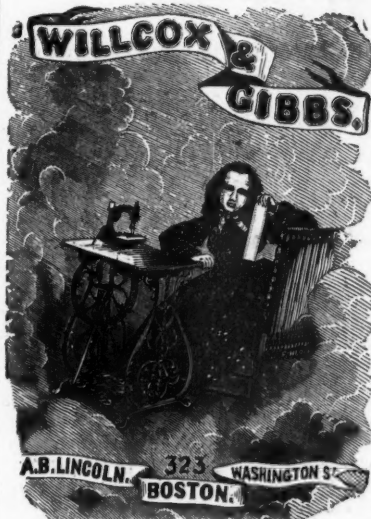
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This system of Watchmaking is unknown in foreign countries, and is entirely original with the Waltham Company. The company claim that by it they produce watches that cannot be equalled for every quality which makes a watch valuable. Simple in plan and correct in principle, the movement is not only beautifully finished, substantial, accurate, and cheap, but is uniform to the minutest details, not easily damaged, easily repaired, and when repaired is always as good as new.

There are different grades of finish in the different varieties of watches made by the Waltham Company, as there are different sizes and shapes, to suit all tastes and means, but every watch that bears the genuine trade-mark of "WALTHAM" is guaranteed to be a good one, and nobody need be afraid to buy it.

"The American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., established in 1850, has grown into proportions which entitle it to a rank among the manufacturing enterprises of America. The quality of these instruments has been thoroughly tested by minute comparisons, and the result is decidedly in favor of the home-made over the imported.

"The first duty of a watch is to keep good time. Its other uses are decorative and subsidiary. The simpler its mechanism, the more trustworthy its action; and the system upon which watches are constructed by the American Company is the very perfection of simplicity.

"An important question is that of the relative costliness of European and American Watches. It appears that the advantage of cheapness is also with us. The difference in price is not excessive, but is sufficient to be an object to any purchaser. The virtue of superior durability, however, is one which ought to be well considered in this regard. American instruments will outlast all others. It has been estimated that we pay Europe \$5,000,000 a year for watches, and a like sum for keeping them in order. At our own doors watches are manufactured at a less price, of better quality, less likely to become disordered, and so arranged that in case of injury by violence, the injury may cheaply and expeditiously be repaired."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"This country has reason to be proud of this splendid specimen of American operative genius and enterprise. That it will work a revolution in the watch manufacturing of the world, no one can doubt who examines the operations of the Waltham establishment, for it turns out watch movements at just about one half the cost of imported movements,—beside the uniform reliability of the machine-made watches must give them a great advantage over all others wherever known. A poor

timepiece of the machine make will be as rare in the future as a good one of hand make has been heretofore, for machinery is arbitrary in its performance, and can make a perfect article just as easy as one that is worthless. It will be a cause of congratulation, if this highly useful American enterprise shall have the effect of driving out of market the thousands of trashy foreign articles, miscalled timekeepers, by furnishing so excellent and economical a substitute."—*N. Y. Times*.

"We notice with regret (writing of the Paris Exposition) the absence of specimens of American manufacture, which, although only comparatively of recent birth among us, is already producing results of the most satisfactory character. The Watches manufactured by the Waltham Company are certainly, so far as strength, durability, and excellence as timekeepers are concerned, as good as anything produced by the French or Swiss manufacturers."—*N. Y. Herald*.

"We have had one of the works of this Company in a case for some considerable time, and, comparing them with former first-class works of different manufacture possessed by us, they have established, in our opinion, their superiority over any ever introduced for correctness as timepieces."—*The World*.

"It is believed that a Waltham Watch is worth double the price of many of the imported watches made by hand."—*Scientific American*.

"The beauty, the precision, the greater cheapness, the uniform excellence of a watch constructed by machinery so exquisite that the mere spectacle of its operation is poetic, gradually give the American Watches a public preference which will not be deceived."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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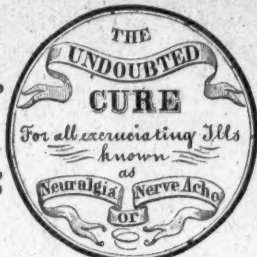


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